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To Subscribers.

The Subscriptions for the half year, commencing on January 1, are now due, and Subscribers who have had THE CRITIC from that date will oblige by transmitting the amount in postage stamps.

THE CRITIC:
LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

THIS is not a Publisher's question, it is essentially the Author's question. Is it to be permitted that American Authors shall enjoy a copyright here, in competition with our own Authors, while the Americans deny a copyright to us and plunder British Authors with impunity?

The practical effect of the present state of the law, as now settled, is this, that Americans have the benefit of copyright in both countries for themselves, and thus make double profits on their own productions, while stealing the largest portion of the profits of British Authors; and those have only the restricted market of England, further restricted by the supply of American copyrights.

We can only account for acquiescence in so palpable an injustice by the presence of some fallacy in the public mind, and from the tone of the speakers and writers on the subject, that fallacy would appear to lie in a supposed resemblance in this to the principle of Free Trade.

But, in truth, there is no similitude between them. The principle of Free Trade is simply the recognition of the right of every individual to exchange his labour or property for food wherever he pleases, or can do so most

advantageously to himself, and the denial of the right of every class of producers to compel consumers by law to buy of them at their own prices.

But Copyright has nothing to do with this principle. It is simply a provision by which the property a man has naturally in the products of his skill and labour is secured to him by law. It infringes no liberty of others, it does not compel others to become his customers. It is, however, wholly a creature of the law; it has been established by every civilized country for the protection of the property of its own people; it has not yet passed into the law of nations, although it ought to do so. But so long as it is not international, there is no moral obligation on any one country to extend the protection of that law beyond its own subjects. It is wholly a question of policy, and, as such, we have shown conclusively that by giving copyright to those who do not give it to us, we are positively offering them a premium to plunder us, and giving them the strongest inducement to refuse an International Copyright by which, thanks to our courts, they have nothing to gain and everything to lose.

We entreat the Authors of our country to think of this, and then exert their influence to procure from Parliament a law which shall limit the copyright of foreigners to the same privileges as they will extend to us in return.

OUR LIBRARY.

Dialogues for the Day.

INTERLOCUTORS:—THE CRITIC—HERODOTUS SMITH.

Sir F. Palgrave's *New History—Ancient Scandinavia—King Sigurd and King Eystein—Old and New—Palgrave again—Modern French Historians—The Norman Conquest—Government Encouragement to Literature—Necessity for a National English History—Mrs. Browning and her New Poem; Casa Guidi Windows—Herman Merivale and Thomas Carlyle.*

Critic. Yours is a lively and a pleasant paper in our last number, Mr. Smith, on *The Edinburgh Review*. But I notice one or two omissions in it, though none of great importance. You say nothing of Herman Merivale, of the Colonial Office; nothing of Sir Francis Palgrave, of the Record Office, whose first volume of a new History of Normandy and England I was glancing through when you entered. [reads.] "*The History of Normandy and of England*. By Sir Francis Palgrave, K.H., the Deputy Keeper of Her Majesty's Public Records. Volume I. 'General Relations of Mediæval Europe; 'The Carolingian Empire; 'The Danish Expeditions in the Gauls; and 'The Establishment of Rollo.' London: Parker. 1851." Seven-hundred-and-fifty pages of disquisition and narrative, and we have only arrived at the establishment of Rollo in Norman France!

Smith. You are right. I had forgotten Sir Francis, and I ought not to have forgotten him, for it was an article of his, on "*The Ancient Laws of the Scandinavians*," published a quarter-of-a-century ago in *The Edinburgh Review*, that first led me to look into Scandinavian matters, a study full of interest and pleasure. Sir Francis's allusion to King Sigurd and King Eystein sent me to Snorro Sturleson's *Heimskringla*, before Mr. Laing had translated him, and happy day was it for me when I first made the acquaintance of that brave and poetic old Iclander. Do you remember the story of those two kings?

Critic. No.

Smith. King Sigurd and King Eystein were brothers, and jointly ruled in Norway. Sigurd was a fighting man, whom a restless disposition drove afar, even to the Holy Land. Eystein was a shepherd of his people, and stayed at home, playing the part of a reformer and an improver. Now it fell

out, that the two brothers once met to judge the people in a northern hamlet, and were entertained together by the chief husbandman of the district, before the judging began. And when the feast was eaten, the company remained sitting over their cups, the two kings being raised aloft; but all were very dull, the ale, Snorro says, being bad! So, to amuse themselves and the company, the two kings began to recount in rivalry each his own exploits,—Sigurd, his wild feats of valour and destruction in Europe and Asia; Eystein, his peaceful achievements at home,—here a church built, there a harbour; beacons to warn the mariner; inns to rest the traveller; roads cut through the shaggy and impassable waste. Nothing can be more interesting, and even beautiful, than is, in Snorro's dialogue, the controversy waged in that primeval time and place between the man of war and the man of peace, one of the standing controversies of our day. I have sometimes thought that, in these later ages of education and enlightenment, men like Sir Richard Arkwright and Lord Clive, the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Hudson, would not have defended themselves in such fit and expressive language as is used by Snorro's two petty Norwegian kings over their "bad ale."

Critic. Like enough. Noble language proceeds out of noble feeling, and those ancient men had more of this than we suppose, who think of them too often only as fierce and greedy pirates. King Eystein had made his improvements, I dare say, without the slightest thought of self, and the increase of import duties, and poll-taxes. Even King Sigurd had a spiritual element pervading his conduct, nor could rest until he had worshipped at the grave of his Redeemer. But we—well! it is no use complaining. I like Sir Francis Palgrave on that account, because he has a keen eye for the noble uncultivated worth of our ancestors—Danes, Anglo-Saxons, and Normans. I like him, too, for the skill with which he sometimes brings into bold relief the ancient ways, by contrast with our own. Thus, in that amusing little book of his, *The Merchant and the Friar*, of which the two heroes are, Marco Polo and Friar Bacon, and the scene is England in the early part of the fourteenth century, there is a very droll and instructive account of an English county election. First, the voters are so modest that they can scarcely be got to vote; then the country gentleman they choose is so modest, and fearful of the expense of London living, that he claps spurs to his horse, as soon as his name is proclaimed, so that the sheriff and his posse have to give chase, and thrust upon their captive the honour of Knight of the Shire. *Nous avons changé tout cela*, Mr. Smith! Think of a county election now, with the eager candidates, beer-barrels flowing, bands playing, hustings, speeches, canvassing, bribery, and all the rest of it!

Smith. And Palgrave's new History: does it promise well?

Critic. It is excellent in spirit, but deficient in execution. It could scarcely be otherwise, for what historical genius, however great, could make much of so confused a period as the gradual decline of the Carolingian Empire, which occupies more than a half of the volume. But everywhere there breathes the fresh, morning air of those early times. You feel in every page that this is a writer who knows his subject at first hand; who has hewn his way through the stratified chaos of the old monkish chronicles; and his occasional garrulity is the garrulity of a man who speaks willingly, because every fact has cost him an effort. Above all, his knowledge has yielded him the happy fruit of belief in the dispensations of Providence, and that the great arrangements and disarrangements of history had a meaning and a purpose. There are no sneers at priests, no vehement denunciations of aristocracies, no canting lamentations over the lot of "the people." I hope when Sir Francis comes to the Conquest, he will sweep away the absurd

notions of that great event which Thierry has diffused in his ingenious, but most false, book.

Smith. Yet we owe much to the Thierrys and Michelets of the new French Historical School. What better definition of true History than Michelet's, when he says: "I call it resurrection."

Critic. Much depends upon the mind which performs the operation. It has been said that he who judges wrongly of the past will judge wrongly of the present. The converse is also true: he who judges wrongly of the present will judge wrongly of the past. Thierry writes of the Norman Conquest in the spirit of a member of the Peace Society, or an advocate for the Abolition of Capital Punishments. The Normans are all in the wrong, the Saxons are all in the right. And there are people in this country who have eagerly seized his theory, and, like John Hampden, junior, represented all that is good in our institutions as the result of Saxon revolt against Norman oppression. Such thinkers forget that the Barons had a little to do with Magna Charta. And pray how is it that the purely Teutonic population of Germany, which never suffered a Norman conquest, is only now attaining a freedom which we have enjoyed more or less since the earliest times? Palgrave deserves our thanks for the justice which he renders to the noble character formed by the settlement of Northern sea-rovers on the fair fields of France, and their gradual intermixture with a pre-existing Celtic population. It is evidently a pet subject of his, and he promises to work it out carefully.

Smith. Still, once more, allowing that the French view antique history too much through modern spectacles, see what they have done in the way of arranging and editing. Look at their magnificent collections of historical materials from the oldest chronicles to the most modern memoirs.

Critic. Surely, they have the advantage of us there. When will our government begin to do for us what Guizot, following out the example of past French governments, did for France? Why, even as a private individual, Guizot did more for English history—our own history—than we and all our governments have done for ourselves. We can show no collection of the Memoirs relating to the History of the seventeenth century in England, such as that which Guizot made for the use of French students, before he meddled with politics. When will our Government set the young, unemployed and wasted intellects of the country to their foremost task, the reduction into order of the vast chaos into which the History of England has been suffered to fall?

Smith. I suppose the unwillingness or delay of our Government to meddle with such matters arises partly from the prevalent prejudice against interference with "private enterprise." Remember the outcry that was raised a few weeks ago against the publication of school-books by the Irish Commissioners of National Education. Remember the protest of the great bookselling houses.

Critic. And a very proper one! We require state encouragement to literature, but certainly not in the department of school-books, or in that department least of all. The French themselves take a much better course. Instead of flooding the National Schools with one set of school-books (a plan which has very much the look of a job), they give a sanction to any specially excellent work of that class, by allowing the author to prefix to it the words "approved," or "adopted by the government." No! no! it is not government school-books that we want. Let the Ministry appoint a commission consisting of such men as Hallam, Macaulay, Carlyle, Palgrave, Kemble the Anglo-Saxon scholar, and a few others; let a fund be placed at their disposal, and with the talent and industry that would rush to their command, a great deal might be made of the History of England, without costing a tithe of the sums that have been squandered on printing useless Records, and compiling the inter-

minable New Catalogue of the British Museum, not to mention the New Guild of Literature and Art, with its semi-eleemosynary endowments. But I suppose there will need, before that is done, to arise a general feeling among literary people that something of the kind is desirable, and that the history of their own country is the one matter that most requires and best repays the divine irradiation of genius. And we are some way from that conviction yet, brought up as we are to believe Greece and Rome to be the exemplars of human existence. Here, for instance, is the latest production of a woman of genius, Mrs. Browning.

Smith. What! the late Miss Barrett—the lady whose romantic marriage to the poet Browning made such a noise a few years ago?

Critic. I never heard the story. What is it? I thought the day of romantic marriages was past.

Smith. Miss Barrett was a poetess generally stretched upon a sick-bed, and leading in her father's house a secluded life in an ideal world. Mr. Browning was also a poet, leading, without the sickness, a life almost as secluded. Miss Barrett had read Mr. Browning's poems; not so Mr. Browning Miss Barrett's, indeed he had never heard her name. Well, in a very glowing and musical little metrical tale, called *Lady Geraldine's Courtship* (the most entertaining if not the deepest of Miss Barrett's works), the lady poetess described her heroine among "the leafy woods of Sussex" as beguiling her solitude with the works of contemporary poets, each of whom was briefly characterized. I forget the precise epithet applied to Mr. Browning, but it was something telling and complimentary. A kind friend told Mr. Browning of it, who immediately sought an introduction to his sister-minstrel. You may guess the rest.

Critic. A pretty story, Mr. Smith! But to return, here is a little poem by Mrs. Browning, fresh from the press, *Casa Guidi Windows* by name, and to what do you think it relates? Why, one half of it is an ebullition of joy at the Florentine Revolution of 1848, and the other half, an ebullition of sorrow and indignation at the reaction of 1850, so that the two portions of the poem exactly cancel each other. Now, I must ask, could Mrs. Browning have found nothing in the present or past of her own country better worth celebrating than the doings and sufferings of a set of contemptible Italians—flesh-flies, as Lessing called them, buzzing in the carcase of a noble steed, the Italy of Julius Cæsar, and of Trojan? That her poem is a failure, I need scarcely say.

Smith. Surely you are rather hard upon Mrs. Browning. Italy has been a chosen theme for poets and poetic people since Byron downwards. And now, I fancy some of the aristocracy are going to make it a pet country, such as little Greece was before the Revolution. Mr. Gladstone, you know, has been lately travelling in Italy, and he has now, I hear, a work in the press upon that unhappy country, written in a spirit and tone which will rejoice Mazzini himself. What changes a few years bring about! The author of *The Church in its relations to the State* advocating Republicanism and Anti-papism for Italy! [Enter Publisher with a packet, which he delivers to the Critic.]

Critic. Hm! A biography of Carlyle, from Lucian Paul,—has avoided criticism on that extraordinary man—simple narrative of facts,—hopes the Editor of the Critic,—etcetera, etcetera. That reminds me, Mr. Smith, of what we began with; Herman Merivale and his contributions to *The Edinburgh*.

Smith. Yes! I must again cry *peccavi*! He wrote among other things a review of Carlyle's French Revolution, which hovered midway between perfect ignorance and just appreciation, in a manner which only a professional Reviewer can attain. For my part, I am sick of criticisms on Carlyle.

Critic. And so seems Mr. Lucian Paul to be, who has just sent a biography of him for

insertion in our Journal. An odd name—Lucian—Paul!

Smith. Not more odd than Herodotus Smith, which, as you know, is a real one.

Critic. Will you oblige me by reading it aloud? [hands him the MS.]

Smith. With pleasure.

NOTABLE CONTEMPORARIES.

No I.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THIS remarkable man was born, I believe, in the year 1795, near Ecclefechan, a hamlet of Dumfriesshire, which lies in the midst of a quiet pastoral and agricultural district. His father, I have heard, was a mason or small builder, who afterwards added to his first occupation the care of a slender farm. Unlike his immediate progenitors who are said to have been more noted for strength of head and hand than for rigidity of manners, CARLYLE's father, according to the general testimony, was a man of great exactness of walk, of earnest and religious disposition, and full of native wisdom; in fact, one of those rustic heroes whom CARLYLE delights to paint, when, as in the case of the fathers of BURNS and DIDEROT, he meets with them in real life. The family was a pretty numerous one of sons and daughters, and reckons among its members the gentleman who a few years ago published an excellent translation of DANTE's *Inferno*. The youthful CARLYLE received the rudiments of education at a neighbouring parish school, but not showing such progress in the acquisition of Latin as was to be expected from a boy of his talent, was committed to the charge of an old clergyman of the district, under whom he made rapid strides, and was pronounced at an early age fit for Edinburgh University. Thither, accordingly, he was sent, as I calculate, about the year 1813, with a couple or so of years allowed him to determine what profession would suit him best. The session of Edinburgh University occupies little more than a half of the year, and the remainder for some time was spent under his father's roof. After a year or two, it would seem that the Church of Scotland was fixed on as the arena in which CARLYLE's talents were to be displayed, and the long and dreary probation of eight years which that Church demands was accordingly entered on. CARLYLE's academic career was of a mixed character. According to his college contemporaries, he was distinguished by proficiency neither in classics, nor in science, nor in metaphysics; his favourite and successful study was geometry. His aptness for this gained him the liking and approbation of Professor LESLIE, who then filled the chair of mathematics at Edinburgh, and through him the young CARLYLE became a teacher as well as a learner of the science; especially for several years at a school in Kirkcaldy, a town almost fronting Edinburgh on the opposite side of the Frith of Forth, and from which the young student of divinity could easily repair, at stated intervals, to college to read the necessary exercises; just as our non-resident students of law eat their terms at the Temple or Lincoln's Inn. CARLYLE's residence at Kirkcaldy, with its occasional escapes to Dumfriesshire, was, as might be expected from his age, a most important period of his life. His attachment to and prosecution of the study of geometry were confirmed by the nature of his daily avocations, and produced in his mind a certain stiffness, so to speak, of which there are traces in his earlier productions. At Kirkcaldy, too, he made or strengthened an acquaintance with EDWARD IYING, like himself, an Annandale man, like himself a student of divinity, and once more, like himself, a teacher in a Kirkcaldy school. By residents in Kirkcaldy, I have heard the two described as often seen walking on the sea-beach in earnest conversation, and no doubt the doctrines of the Church which both were preparing to enter formed frequently a main portion of their talk, to which it would not

be surprising if CARLYLE contributed the sceptical, and IRVING the believing portion. It is curious that both these men should afterwards have made so very peculiar a figure in London, as stormy denouncers (each in his own fashion) of the established present, and prophets of a better future.

In *Sartor Resartus*, CARLYLE himself has so vividly painted the stages of his early mental development, and his writings throughout so unequivocally betray the peculiarities of his personal character, that it is unnecessary in a sketch like the present to dwell on either. About 1823, it would seem, he resolved to quit Kirkcaldy, not to enter the church, but to establish himself at Edinburgh as an "author by profession." His mind had been well disciplined by his previous career; it was stored with general information by habits of miscellaneous reading, and accident had recently introduced him to the study of German literature. In his solitary Edinburgh home, the lofty stoicism of FICHTE nerved him for the glorious difficulties of a literary career; the powerful and beautiful imaginings of SCHILLER transported him into an element of art far finer and higher than any he had breathed in the SCOTTS and BYRONS of his time, and GOETHE, if not yet fully appreciated, was beginning to teach him how to cast that calm representative glance on men and things which, strangely struggling with his native vehemence of disposition, is more or less displayed in all his works. The year 1824 exhibits results of all CARLYLE's past studies and culture. Sir DAVID BREWSTER introduced him to *The Encyclopædia Edinensis*, then edited by that well-known savant, and where CARLYLE's articles on MONTESQUIEU and MONTAIGNE, on NELSON and the county of Norfolk, and on the two PITTS, may still be read with interest and instruction. CARLYLE's very earliest essay is, I believe (and it may be mentioned for the sake of future BOSWELLS), to be seen in a number for the year 1824 of a short-lived publication called *The New Edinburgh Review*; the subject, JOANNA BAILLIE's *Plays of the Passions*. The same year witnessed the publication of a translation from his hand of LEGENDRE's *Geometry*, published in Paris the year before, and to which is affixed an Essay on Proportions, by CARLYLE himself, which has obtained, I believe, the praise of professional mathematicians. Edinburgh booksellers still hint to you of minor translations, such as that of *Paul and Virginia*, in which CARLYLE had a share; but they may be safely left to the researches of future BOSWELLS. His chief achievement in this department, belonging to the year 1824, was the translation of GOETHE's famous novel of *Wilhelm Meister*, with a preface by the translator, which, as well as the translation itself, showed CARLYLE to be a man of no ordinary talents. JEFFREY, while "cutting up" the novel itself in *The Edinburgh Review*, pronounced the translator to be a "person of parts." DE QUINCEY, on the other hand, who had previously been considered (or had considered himself) the chief English cultivator of German Literature, influenced, I fear, by jealousy, denounced *Wilhelm Meister*, in *The London Magazine*, not merely as a bad book, but as a bad translation; and strove to prove CARLYLE did not understand English.

About this period, CARLYLE seems to have visited London for the first time; at any rate, it was now that his *Life of Schiller* began to appear piece-meal in *The London Magazine*, then the cleverest of metropolitan periodicals, supported by CHARLES LAMB, HAZLITT, ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, and others of their schools. On his return to Scotland (if he ever left it), EDWARD IRVING introduced him to the family of the late CHARLES BULLER, to whom and his brother he acted for some time as tutor. CHARLES BULLER's career throughout life he watched with care, and it was with Mr. BULLER's appointment to the Chief Commissionership of the Poor Law Board that there developed itself in CARLYLE that interest

in the pauper question which, peculiarly manifested, has lately astonished some of his readers. About this time also, he married a lady whom GOETHE describes as "beautiful and highly cultivated," and with this event began the settled period of his existence. For some years afterwards, he lived alternately in Edinburgh, and at a little estate in Dumfriesshire, called Craigenputtock, engaged in literary labours. During this period, he produced his *Specimens of German Romance*, and commenced his connection with *The Edinburgh and Foreign Reviews*. The Kirkcaldy teacher had already become a noted man: among his correspondents (thanks to the translation of *Meister*), he reckoned GOETHE himself, and some scraps of his letters to the illustrious German, published in a corner of GOETHE's works, and now, I believe, for the first time appearing in English, throw interesting light on his life and literature up to 1830:

THOMAS CARLYLE TO GOETHE.

Craigenputtock, 25th September, 1828.

You inquire with such warm interest respecting our present abode and occupations, that I am obliged to say a few words about both, while there is still room left. Dumfries is a pleasant town, containing about 15,000 inhabitants, and to be considered the centre of the trade and judicial system of a district which possesses some importance in the sphere of Scottish activity. Our residence is not in the town itself, but fifteen miles to the north-west of it, among the granite hills and the black morasses which stretch westwards through Galloway, almost to the Irish Sea. In this wilderness of heath and rock, our estate stands forth a green oasis—a tract of ploughed, partly enclosed and planted ground, where corn ripens and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by seaweeds and rough-woolled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat, substantial mansion; here, in the absence of a professional or other office, we live to cultivate literature with diligence, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the roses and flowers of our garden; we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. The roses, indeed, are still in part to be planted, but they blossom already in anticipation.

Two ponies, which carry us everywhere, and the mountain air, are the best medicines for weak nerves. This daily exercise, to which I am much devoted, is my only dissipation; for this nook of ours is the loneliest in Britain—six miles removed from every one who in any case might visit me. Here Rousseau would have been as happy as on his island of Saint Pierre.

My town friends, indeed, ascribe my sojourn here to a similar disposition, and forebode me no good result. But I came hither solely with the design to simplify my way of life, and to secure the independence through which I could be enabled to remain true to myself. This bit of earth is our own: here we can live, write, and think, as best pleases ourselves, even though Zolus himself were to be crowned the monarch of Literature.

Nor is the solitude of such great importance; for a stage coach takes us speedily to Edinburgh, which we look upon as our British Weimar. And have I not, too, at this moment, piled upon the table of my little library, a whole cartload of French, German, American, and English journals and periodicals,—whatever may be their worth?

Of antiquarian studies, too, there is no lack. From some of our heights, I can descry, about a day's journey to the west, the hill where Agricola and his Romans left a camp behind them. At the foot of it I was born, and there both father and mother still live to love me. And so one must let time work. Yet whither am I tending? let me confess to you, I am uncertain about my future literary activity, and would gladly learn, your opinion respecting it; at least pray write to me again and speedily, that I may ever feel myself united to you.

The next scrap shows him at work in *The Edinburgh Review*, producing his noble essay on BURNS:

The only piece of any importance that I have written since I came here is an essay on Burns. Perhaps you never heard of him, and yet, he was a man of the most decided genius; but born in the lowest rank of peasant life, and through the entanglements of his peculiar position, was at last mournfully wrecked, so that what he effected is comparatively unimportant. He died in the middle of his career, in the year 1796.

We English, especially we Scotch, love Burns more than any that has lived for centuries. I have often been

struck by the fact that he was born a few months before Schiller, in the year 1759, and that neither of them ever heard the other's name. They shone like stars in opposite hemispheres, or if you will, the thick mist of earth intercepted their reciprocal light.

The next and final letter shows him at work for *The Foreign Review*, started in opposition to *The Foreign Quarterly*, by a Mr. FRASER, and to which CARLYLE and SOUTHEY adhered. The "correspondence" mentioned is that between SCHILLER and GOETHE. The essay itself appeared, years afterwards, in *Fraser's Magazine*:

22nd December, 1829.

I have, with no slight contentment, reperused the "correspondence," and despatch to-day an essay on Schiller, for *The Foreign Review*, founded on it. It will be pleasant for you to hear that the knowledge and appreciation of Foreign, and especially of German Literature, is spreading with growing rapidity wherever the English language is spoken, so that, at the Antipodes, and even in New Holland, the Sages of your land preach their wisdom. I heard lately, that even at Oxford and Cambridge, our two English Universities, which, till now, have been considered the strongholds of insular prejudice and inertia, there are symptoms of activity in these matters. At Cambridge, your Niebuhr has met with a skilful translator; and, at Oxford, two or three Germans find already sufficient employment as teachers of their language. The new light may be too strong for certain eyes; but no one can doubt the happy effects which will finally result from it. Let but nations, like individuals, know each other, and mutual hatred will be transformed into mutual helpfulness, and, instead of "natural enemies," as neighbouring countries have been sometimes called, we shall all be natural friends."

Niebuhr found, I believe, two Cambridge translators; one of them, Thirlwall, is now Bishop of St. David's; the other, Hare, is an Archdeacon. Since Carlyle wrote, not only is German considered an element of scholarship at the Universities, but at the public schools likewise; and at Rugby, it is just now, I hear, quite "the rage."

For a year or two more, writing for the *Reviews*, and composing *Sartor Resartus*, CARLYLE remained in Scotland, fluctuating between Craigenputtock and Edinburgh. By studious men of penetration, on both sides of the Atlantic, he was beginning to be recognised for what he is, and the young EMERSON, coming about this time to England, pilgrined as naturally to Craigenputtock and CARLYLE, as to Rydal Mount and WORDSWORTH. But "the Professorial or other office," alluded to in the letter to GOETHE, did not offer itself, and, not long after the opening of the thirties, CARLYLE settled in London. *Sartor Resartus* saw the light in *Fraser's Magazine*, to which, as well as to *The Foreign Quarterly*, and the *London and Westminster Review*, he contributed with more or less steadiness for many years. Meanwhile, too, was proceeding the elaboration and publication of that remarkable series of works which, in point of art, not less than from their many-sided vigour, throw all contemporary literature into the shade—*The French Revolution*, *Chartism*, *Past and Present*, *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, and, but last year, the *Latter-Day Pamphlets*. And from time to time, there were intercalated, as it were, oral lectures, on *German Literature*, on the *Three Periods of European Culture*, on *Modern Revolutions*, on *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, to which the aristocracy and mitred orthodoxy of London crowded, and were brought face to face with the man whose writings had excited their bewildered and admiring wonderment.

Perhaps the best way to estimate the nature and extent of CARLYLE's influence is to consider the strange variety of minds which have been irresistibly drawn into his immediate sphere, and sought his counsel or co-operation. Other thinkers have had their fixed circles of admirers or worshippers, but every circle has sent its quota to CARLYLE's. Call over the roll of persons who have been in relations with him, and what contemporary can show the like. A "world-poet" like GOETHE; ecclesiastics like the Bishop of St. David's, Dr. ARNOLD, of Rugby, Dr. CHALMERS, and Pro-

fessor MAURICE; statesmen like Sir ROBERT PEEL and the late CHARLES BULLER; agitations, the Anti-Corn-Law League and the Secular School Association; hard, practical men, like EDWIN CHADWICK, and Mr. WHITWORTH, the competitor for the honour of sweeping Manchester streets; revolutionists, MAZZINI and CAVAIGNAC; men of letters in every department, and of every conceivable shade of opinion—SOUTHEY, LOCKHART, JEFFREY, JOHN STERLING, JOHN STUART MILL, EBENEZER ELLIOTT, THOMAS COOPER, the Chartist, SAMUEL ROGERS, SAMUEL BAMFORD, the American EMERSON, Miss MARTINEAU, LEIGH HUNT, MONCKTON MILNES, and all the young men of talent of the day. And, practically, no useful scheme or measure has been carried out of late years, from the founding of the London Library to the repeal of the Corn-Laws, which does not owe something to him.

Of late years, CARLYLE's tendency has been more and more to the practical and political. He had been silent for three years when the French Revolution of 1848 dissolved Europe into chaos, and when Ireland was threatened with death. He did not then hesitate to descend into the arena of contemporary politics, and the growl of his thunder, and the crack of his Titan-whip, were heard in *The Examiner* and *Spectator* newspapers. *Fraser's Magazine* gave him voice on "Indian Corn" and the "West Indian Negroes." And last year, his whole power was put forth in *The Latter-Day Pamphlets*, his most startling productions, and of which this is not the place to speak. At present, as we learn from a contemporary, he is engaged in preparing a memoir of the late JOHN STERLING, one of the most beautiful figures in our recent literature. Succeeding *The Latter-Day Pamphlets*, it will be sunshine after storm.

LUCIAN PAUL.

HISTORICAL GLEANINGS OF THE GEORGIAN ERA.

Reign of George the First, concluded. 1724—1727.

By GEORGE HARRIS, Esq., Author of the "Life of Lord Hardwicke."

CHAPTER III.

(Continued from page 253.)

THE following particulars of the adventures, escapes, captures, recaptures, and execution of the most extraordinary and ingenious house-breaker of any age or time, are collected from the public journals of the period; and the narrative is here given just as it appeared, forming together a powerful illustration of the adage, that "truth is stranger than fiction."

August 1.—One Sheppard a notorious house-breaker, who lately made his escape from New Prison, was lately retaken and committed to Newgate, and attempted also to escape from that gaol, several saws and instruments proper for such a design, being found about his bed. He is since confined in an apartment called the Stone Room, is kept close, and sufficiently loaded with irons.

August 29.—On Saturday there was a general council held at Windsor, Sir Phillip Yorke and Sir Clement Wearg, His Majesty's Attorney and Solicitor-General, and the Right Honourable Robert Southwell, Esq., Secretary of State for Ireland, attending according to order. There was a cabinet council soon after, when His Majesty was pleased to order that of the six malefactors condemned at the last sessions, Joseph Ward for three robberies on the Highway, Francis Upton and John Sheppard, for burglary and felony, be executed on Friday the 4th of September next ensuing, and another warrant to be made out for that purpose.

September 5.—Last Monday a most surprising accident happened at Newgate, which is as followeth, viz.: John Sheppard, one of the condemned malefactors, finding himself ordered for execution, and being provided with saws, files, and other implements, found an opportunity to cut off one of the great iron spikes over the door of the condemned hole (at which the prisoners usually converse with their friends), and being of a very slender body, got himself through into the lodge, and from thence into the street, and so escaped, assisted by his wife and another woman, several persons being in the lodge at the same time, at

a table engaged in a deep discourse concerning his dexterity in his formerly escaping from New Prison; he went off in his irons, which were hid by a night-gown, and is supposed to have immediately taken coach. The other condemned prisoners intended to follow his example, but were prevented by a timely discovery.

There is the following letter in print, supposed to come from him to JACK KETCH:

Sir,—I thank you for the favour you intended me this day. I am a gentleman and allow you to be the same, and I hope can forgive injuries; fond Nature pointed, I followed, oh propitious minute! and to show that I am in Charity, I am now drinking your health, a *Bon Repo* to poor Joseph and Anthony. I am gone a few days for the air, but design speedily to embark, and this night I am going up a mansion for a supply. Its a stout fortification, but what difficulties can't I encounter, when, dear Jack, you find that bars and chains are but trifling obstacles in the way of your friend and servant, JOHN SHEPPARD.

From my residence in Terra Australis Incognita, September 4, 1724.

P.S. Pray my service to Mr. Or . . di . . ry and Mr. App . . bee."

The wife of the aforesaid John Sheppard was on Tuesday last apprehended, and being charged with aiding and assisting him in making his escape out of Newgate, was the next day carried before Sir Francis Forbes, who committed her to the Poultry Compter. Yesterday Anthony Upton, condemned the last sessions for house-breaking, and Joseph Ward for robbing upon the highway, were executed at Tyburn.

September 8.—Yesterday several persons went post out of town in quest of John Sheppard the condemned malefactor.

September 12.—On Thursday, about noon, John Sheppard, the malefactor, who made his escape from the condemned hole of Newgate, on Monday the 31st of August, was apprehended and taken by the officers and turnkeys of that prison, at the town of Finchley, near Highgate, in company with one William Page, an apprentice to a butcher in Clare Market. The last patiently surrendered, and Sheppard took to the hedges, where being closely pursued and discovered, and pistols presented to his head, he begg'd them for God's sake not to shoot him on the spot, trembled as in great agony, and submitted. There were found upon him two silver watches, a large knife, and a chisel, and a knife only upon his companion. They were both disguised in butchers' blue frocks, and woollen aprons. Being brought to town, Sheppard was immediately carried to Newgate, loaded with heavy irons, and put into the condemned hole and chained. William Page was carried before Sir Francis Forbes, examined, and committed to Newgate, with orders to be double ironed, and to be kept from Sheppard, and he was accordingly put into the castle, and his friends are not permitted to see him.

In the evening a divine and several gentlemen went into the condemned hold to Sheppard, who seemed composed and cheerful, and acknowledged the manner of his escape, viz., that having got out of the condemned hold, he took coach at the corner of the Old Bailey (along with a person whom he refused to name), went to Black Fryers Stairs, and from thence by water to the Horse Ferry at Westminster, and came in the middle of the night to Clare Market, where he met his companion, and there disguised themselves in the manner above mentioned. From thence they rambled to a relation of Page's, within seven miles of Northampton, where they were entertained a few days, and growing uneasy at their not being able to return satisfaction for their board, returned towards London. He has hinted in dark terms that he hath committed robberies since his escape, and denies that he was ever married to the woman who assisted him therein, and who now is in the Compter for the same, declaring that he found her a common strumpet in Drury Lane, and that she hath been the cause of all his misfortune and misery. He takes great pains to excuse his companion Page of being any ways privy to his crimes, whom he says only generously accompanied him after his escape. 'Tis thought that his execution will be on Monday next.

The *British Journal* says, "They found upon Sheppard two watches, one under each armpit." And it states that a difficulty had arisen about his execution, until he was properly identified.

October 16.—On Wednesday last, John Sheppard found means to release himself from the staples fixed in the floor of the apartment called the Castle, in Newgate, by taking off a great padlock from his legs. He attempted to pass up the chimney, but by reason of strong iron bars in his way was prevented. In the midst of his endeavours the keepers came up to bring him victuals, when to their very great surprise they found him at liberty in the room. They searched him very carefully, and found not so much as a pin; and when they had

chained him down again, the head keeper and others came and intreated him to discover how he had thus got himself free from the staples. He reach'd out his hand, and took up a nail, and with that unlocked himself again before their faces. He is now handcuffed, and more effectually chain'd.

This day ninety-seven felons are to be carried from Newgate, to be shipp'd for the Plantations; among whom is the brother of the above-named Sheppard.

October 17.—On Thursday night, John Sheppard escaped again from Newgate. Although he was double ironed, handcuffed, and chained down in the room called the castle, yet he found means, in a very surprising manner, to free himself from the staple to which he was chained. Afterwards he broke down the wall of the chimney, and got into several rooms, broke through six doors on which were five strong locks and a bolt, and thereby getting upon the leads of the gaol, he from thence climbed down to the top of the Turner's House, adjoining to it, and found a way to get into that also; and having come down and opened the street door, made off in his iron boots, and is not yet heard of, which hath struck the keepers with such amazement that they think he was assisted in this last enterprise by the Devil himself.

On the 21st of October the following advertisement appeared in the newspapers:

John Sheppard did break out of Newgate in the night between the 15th and 16th of this instant October, with double irons on his legs, and handcuffs on his hands, with a bright horse lock under his other irons. He is about 22 years old, about 5 foot 4 inches high, very slender, of a pale complexion, has an impediment or hesitation in his speech, and did wear a butcher's blue frock, with a great coat over it, and is a carpenter or House Joyner by trade. Whoever will discover or apprehend him, so that he be brought to Justice, shall have 20 guineas reward, to be paid by the Keeper of Newgate.

N. B.—If any persons conceal him from justice (knowingly) since he has made his escape, it is felony, and they will be prosecuted for the same.

October 31.—The keepers of Newgate have received certain information that the famous John Sheppard came a few nights ago to the brewhouse of Messrs. Michael and Tate in Thames Street, and begged some work of the stoker, which was given him, and that before the proper officers could be got to secure him he went off.

November 7.—John Sheppard, the famous Thief, house-breaker, and jailbreaker, who being under sentence of death had made his escape out of Newgate two several times in a very surprising and wonderful manner, was retaken on Saturday night last, about 12, and brought back thither before one next morning, where sufficient care is taken to secure him for the remainder of his time; he being confined in a very strong apartment, double ironed on both legs, handcuff'd, and chained down to the ground, with a chain running through his irons, which is fastened on each side of him, and we hear a watch will be kept upon him beside. He was apprehended in the following manner. A boy belonging to Mr. Bradford a headboro', in Drury Lane, saw him at a Butcher's shop near Newton's lane, cheapening some ribs of beef, and meeting with an acquaintance of his of the Hundreds of Drury, commonly called Frisky Moll, he went to treat her with a dram at a chandler's shop adjoining; in the meantime the boy who knew him perfectly well told his master what he had seen, who getting some persons to his assistance, apprehended him. When he was search'd, they found a pair of pistols about him, ready charg'd. He was equip'd every way like a gentleman, having on a wig worth about 6 or 7 guineas, a diamond ring on his finger, a watch and snuff box in his pocket, and some gold, being also dress'd in a suit of black, having furnished himself therewith on Friday morning last, by breaking open a pawnbroker's shop in Drury Lane, and taking from thence most of the said goods, and divers others to the value as we hear of about 60*l*. When he was brought back to the Jail, he was very drunk, carry'd himself insolently, and defy'd the keepers to hold him with all their Irons, art, and skill.

Wednesday several noblemen came to Newgate to see John Sheppard. He is watch'd night and day by two persons. He has owned several robberies committed by him since his last escape from Newgate on the 15th of October; and in particular the robbing of a gentleman in Leicester Fields of a gold watch, a night or two after his said escape.

November 7.—Nothing contributes so much to the entertainment of the town at the present, as the adventures of the house-breaker and gaol breaker John Sheppard. 'Tis thought the keepers of Newgate have got about 200 pounds already by the crowds of people who daily flock to Newgate to see Sheppard.

This paper mentions that after he was taken he was "carry'd in a coach to Newgate,

cries out Murder! Rogues! Bloodhounds! and calling for help."

November 14.—Mr. Pitt the Keeper of Newgate having made application to the Lords of His Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council in relation to John Sheppard the notorious housebreaker, &c. On Saturday last Mr. Attorney General made a motion at the King's Bench Bar, Westminster, that the said John Sheppard might be brought before that court to have execution of that sentence of death awarded against him, to the end he may no longer elude the Laws, whereupon their Lordships ordered a writ of Habeas Corpus, and a writ of certiorari for bringing the prisoner and the record of his conviction to Westminster on Tuesday last, and accordingly between 11 and 12 he was carry'd down to the King's Bench Bar at Westminster, where Mr. Attorney General moving that his execution might be speedy, and a rule of court made for yesterday, he addressed himself to the Bench, earnestly beseeching the Judges to intercede with His Majesty for mercy, and desired a copy of the petition he had sent to the King might be read, which was complied with, but being asked how he came to repeat his crimes after his escapes, he pleaded Youth and Ignorance, and withal his necessities, saying he was afraid of every child and dog that look'd at him, as being closely pursued; and had no opportunity to obtain his bread in an honest way, and had fully determined to have left the Kingdom the Monday after he was re-taken in Drury Lane. He was told the only thing to entitle him to His Majesty's Clemency would be his making an ingenuous discovery of those who abetted and assisted him in his last escape; he averred that he had not the least assistance from any person but God Almighty, and that he had already named all his accomplices in robberies, who were either in custody or beyond sea, whither he would be glad to be sent himself. He was reprimanded for profaning the name of God. Mr. Justice Powis, after taking notice of the number and heinousness of his crimes, and giving him admonitions suitable to his sad circumstances, awarded sentence of death against him, and a rule of court was order'd for his execution on Monday next, being the 16th instant. He told the Court that if they would let his handcuffs be put on, he, by his art, would take them off before their faces. He was remanded back to Newgate through the most numerous crowds of people that ever was seen in London; and Westminster Hall has not been so crowded in the memory of man. A constable who attended had his leg broke; and many other persons were hurt and wounded in Westminster Hall Gate. Wednesday, Sheppard was brought out of the Middle Stone Room and put into the condemned hold, along with Houssar, the French Barber, and there chained to the floor, and order'd to be watched by two men day and night. His lodging near Newport Market having been search'd, there was found an iron crow, the handcuffs he had on when he escaped the second time from Newgate, as also several instruments fit for breaking houses, &c.

November 21.—From his last re-apprehension to his death, some persons were appointed to be with him constantly, both day and night. Vast numbers of people came to see him, to the great profit both of himself and those about him; several persons of quality came, all of whom he begg'd to intercede with His Majesty for mercy, but his repeated returning to his vomit, left no room for it; so that, being brought down to the King's Bench Bar, Westminster, by an Habeas Corpus, and it appearing by evidence that he was the same person who, being under a former sentence of death, had twice made his escape, a rule of Court was made for his execution, which was on Monday last. At the place of execution he behaved very gravely, spoke very little, gave a paper to a friend, and, after some small time allowed for devotion, he was turned off, dying with much difficulty, and with uncommon pity from all the spectators. The same night his body was buried in St. Martins-in-the-Fields, with a velvet pall, and the funeral service perform'd, &c. A detachment of the Prince's Guard attending the corpse, with their bayonets fixed on their muskets to prevent the violence of the populace, who had been very tumultuous all day, so no further disorder happen'd.

The account in *The British Journal* states:

It was thought necessary, as he was an enterprising fellow, to put him on a pair of handcuffs, in order to carry him with more security to the gallows, which could not be done but by main force, he struggling against it with all his might; and, being searched before he was put into the cart, they found concealed about him a clasp knife, with which he designed to cut his halter, and then to leap amongst the mob as his last refuge. The crowd of spectators was indeed prodigiously great; a bailiff in Long Acre having procured the body of John Sheppard to be brought to his house after execution, with a sinister design, and

thereby frustrating the preparations of his real friends, for burying him in a decent manner, the same occasioned a great riot in Long Acre. The mob expressed great satisfaction when they saw him bury'd, though they had bruised his body in a most shameful manner in pulling it to and fro in endeavouring to rescue it from the surgeons. An undertaker who waited near the gallows with a hearse to have carried the body immediately to St. Sepulchre's, where a grave was already made for it, was insulted by the rabble, who broke the hearse, and beat the man and his servant, the bailiff having artfully given it out that the undertaker was employed by the surgeons, which in truth was the bailiff's case.

Such is the true history of the famous "JACK SHEPPARD." One cannot but lament that so much real ingenuity and dexterity should have been so thrown away; and that talents which, properly directed, might have obtained for their possessor a high rank, should, by their misapplication, have brought him to the gallows.

(To be continued.)

REMARKS ON "A REVIEW OF JUNIUS AND HIS WORKS" WHICH APPEARED IN THE ATHENÆUM ON THE 22nd OF MARCH, 1851.

We foresaw that we should incur the displeasure of a certain class of critics by again producing Lord CHESTERFIELD as the author of the *Letters of Junius*. A portion of the literary world has so long been infatuated with the fustian of BURKE's panegyric on the writer, and the awkward imitation of it by Lord NORTH, that nothing short of "the mighty boar of the forest," "the wild boar of the wood," in fact a political FRANKENSTEIN will content the heated imaginations of these gentlemen. They cannot descend to the regions of probability and accept of Lord CHESTERFIELD as the author. They must still look with wonder at the Herculean labours of JUNIUS, and shudder at the "cleaving" power of his pen, regarding his vigour as the strength of youth, and his intellectual energy as something supernatural. Whether the Editor of *The Athenæum* belongs to this class of worshippers is doubtful, since he has "pronounced judgment" that whenever the author shall be discovered he will prove to be "a middle-class man," we must not be surprised therefore, that entertaining such notions, the Editor of *The Athenæum* should endeavour to controvert the evidence in favour of so distinguished a candidate as Lord CHESTERFIELD, and if this had been fairly done, we should have considered it impolitic to question his decisions.

Our reviewer at once regrets the pretensions of Lord CHESTERFIELD to the authorship of the letters on account of his lordship's great age and consequent infirmities. "Putting aside" all that had been said in proof of the hypothesis, he pretends to examine the question *merely in the abstract*, but soon quitting this resolution, he amuses his readers with the grossest misrepresentations of the evidence which he has thought fit to select for his criticism. His exaggerated description of Lord CHESTERFIELD's bodily and mental infirmities exceeds that of any other writer who has *wished to set aside our evidence* in favour of Lord CHESTERFIELD. On this point, the Editor endeavours to be witty, but without the least regard to truth or consistency. He represents his lordship as having *paralysed himself*, and having died purely and purposely to conceal the fact that he was JUNIUS. The passage is below the abilities of a schoolboy, and is no answer whatever to the many facts adduced as proofs that Lord CHESTERFIELD misrepresented his state of health at the time that the *Letters of Junius* were published.

"The author of the pamphlet," says the reviewer, "ADmits that the cause of JUNIUS's discontent is not easily to be inferred from known facts." This is directly the reverse of what is stated in the pamphlet; for therein it is *proved* that "not only sufficient cause did exist at that time to rouse Lord CHESTERFIELD's deepest indignation, but that THE CAUSE itself is manifested in the unguarded exhibition of JUNIUS's personal feelings, as well as by the nature of the abuse which he levelled in the true spirit of retaliation against his enemies," and the evidence of Lord CHESTERFIELD himself is given to prove the *exaction* which his lordship suffered from the conduct of Lord CHATHAM and the Duke of GRAFTON.

Again: The reviewer, in order to get rid of the evidence of *dates*, asserts that Lord CHESTERFIELD was, *for months together*, so blind that he could neither read nor write. "At this very time," says the reviewer, "when JUNIUS's first letter appeared, CHESTERFIELD expressed his regret to Mrs. STANHOPE and others (?) that he was obliged to use another hand to acknowledge the receipt of their letters. Now, nine-tenths of the admiring readers of *The Athenæum* will not inquire

whether this assertion be true or false. They will implicitly believe their oracle, and take it for granted that the letter to Mrs. STANHOPE was dated the 21st January, instead of on the 25th March, 1769, the very time that JUNIUS had for a season disappeared, and which circumstance gave rise to a monody on the supposed death of the author!!! But this is the way that *The Athenæum* has contrived to perplex dates, and by so doing has converted some of the strongest proofs of identity into evidence directly adverse to the hypothesis we are striving to establish.

On the evidence arising from the letter to a Brigadier-General, the reviewer affects to be surprised at the assertion that Lord TOWNSHEND held an important command in the army, during the Rebellion in 1745. "Indeed!" says he "why, Lord TOWNSHEND was only born in 1724, and was not probably of age when CHESTERFIELD raised his regiment." And pray, we may ask, how old was the Commander-in-Chief—the young Duke of CUMBERLAND, the hero of Culloden, by whose valour Scotland became the grave as it had been the cradle of the Rebellion? But to come more immediately to the point. If Lord TOWNSHEND did not hold an important command in the army at that time how could the author of the letter to a Brigadier-General accuse his lordship of being the cause of the obstinate resistance made by the Highlanders at the battle of Culloden? Perhaps when the reviewer answers this question he will have the goodness to inform us why Lord TOWNSHEND threw up all his commissions after the Rebellion; also, if he please, he may state how the patrons of the army settled the affair of the hostile meeting between Lord TOWNSHEND and Lord ALBEMARLE, in 1760; a knowledge of this last secret might throw some light upon the authorship of the whole of the *Letters of Junius*.

The Athenæum has "pronounced judgment" on Mrs. DAYROLLE's autograph. "In our opinion," says the editor, "whatever that may be worth—it would be difficult to find the handwriting of any two educated persons of that age less alike than that of JUNIUS and that of Mrs. DAYROLLE." The value of this opinion has been estimated by better judges of handwriting than we pretend to be, and as their opinion is supported by every unprejudiced person who has seen the *fac similes*, we need not add anything more in refutation of this deliberate opinion of *The Athenæum*. But the Editor was, it appears, not satisfied in simply "pronouncing judgment" against Mrs. DAYROLLE's handwriting; he endeavoured to intimidate Mr. FREDERIC NETHERCLIFT into a recantation, by insinuating that his professional reputation was at stake by the opinion which he had given. He even went so far as to correspond with Mr. Joseph NETHERCLIFT on the subject, and would have it understood that the author of the essay had compromised the character of Mr. NETHERCLIFT, Senior, by the publication of the *fac similes*. Now, the opinion of Mr. JOSEPH NETHERCLIFT was not publicly known until the editor of *The Athenæum* himself thought proper to insert it in an obscure corner of his paper. We believe the opinion was not such a one as the editor either desired or expected.

It is not difficult to perceive the spirit in which the review against "JUNIUS and his Work" has been "got up." There is not a single fact selected by the angry critic that has not been either falsified or perverted, and the Stowe MSS. are again had recourse to as if to deter the writer from pursuing his inquiries. But we are not to be diverted from our purpose by so shallow an artifice. The writings of JUNIUS contain more than evidence enough to prove that Lord CHESTERFIELD was the author; but much of this evidence necessarily consists of minute circumstances that require to be consecutively carried out in order to give them the full weight of importance in this inquiry. We, however, promise *The Athenæum* that he shall have no reason to complain of the want of facts when the *Genuine Letters of Junius* are examined, for every date fact and circumstance will offer itself in proof, and we shall have more than enough of these to settle the question beyond all cavil.

PHILOSOPHY.

Letters to a Candid Inquirer on Animal Magnetism. By WILLIAM GREGORY, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. London: Taylor, Walton, and Co.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

In his second letter Dr. GREGORY proceeds to consider the causes of failure in experiments, the foremost of which is the varying state of the nervous system, and our ignorance of the conditions under which the phenomena are produced. He exposes the absurdity of those who prescribe conditions of their own, and

then, because the same result does not appear, denounce the whole as an imposture. It is as if, when the electrician reads by means of the Electric Telegraph, which acts under the condition of the wire that conveys the fluid being insulated, a spectator were to call it a failure, because it could not be conveyed through another wire produced by himself which was not insulated. Dr. GREGORY well remarks—

Moreover, by what right does the operator undertake that his subject shall see or perceive, through a hard body, three handkerchiefs, and cotton plugs, *before he has tried the experiment*? And by what right do the sceptics dictate conditions, under which nature must exhibit a fact, before they will believe it? Both parties are obviously misled by theory. The operator, who flatters himself that he knows how the subject perceives objects with closed eyes, sees in the bandages, &c., no obstacle to the subject's perception; while the sceptics forget that, while we modify, as we please, the conditions of an experiment, it is easy to do so in such a way as to prevent the result, so long as the laws of the phenomena are unknown. Both parties are wrong. They should begin by studying the fact, as presented by nature, and then, by degrees, alter the conditions till they ascertain which are essential, which accidental. But no one is entitled to say, because, under certain conditions, a certain power fails to manifest itself, that, therefore it cannot occur under other and more natural conditions. To suppose, that unless the eyes are bandaged, we cannot ascertain whether they are used or not, would argue a poverty of resources which would give but a mean idea of the qualifications of him who thus decides for experimental research.

He shares with all thoughtful persons the objection to public exhibitions of mesmeric phenomena, as being less likely to succeed, as tempting exhibitors to deceit, and as giving occasion to opponents to affix to the scene itself the frauds and follies of its pretended teachers.

Another objection often urged is, that the great and distinguished in science and medicine are not believers. To this the answer is that, "the great and distinguished" in any pursuit are always the last to embrace new truths, and for a very obvious reason: they fear to hazard their acquired reputations by any novelty; they have everything to lose by failure, nothing to gain by success: interest sways them, if not to close their eyes to a new truth, at least to avoid inquiries that might lead them to an inconvenient conclusion. Again we repeat that no evidence even of the ablest men is worth anything unless it be that of their *experience*. Have they tried it personally, and has it failed? If they have thus tried, proved, and found it to be a failure, their testimony is of the utmost value, but their mere refusal to inquire, because they are pleased to assume it to be opposed to some other previously possessed opinions, is not to be received by any person as of the slightest value in a controversy where the question is simply one fact, *aye or no, is it or is it not*, apart from any consideration of whether it is probable, or possible, or useful, or useless. A fact can only be ascertained by actual experiment and observation, and nothing less than the testimony of those who have tried the experiment is of the slightest worth.

In truth, their refusal to try it affords a presumption that there is a *reason* for that refusal: that they have a lurking suspicion, that if they were to try it they would find it to be true, and that would be awkward, as compelling them either to falsehood on the one hand, or to an admission of unwise and over-hasty conclusions on the other, which would, as they think, damage their reputations for wisdom. Therefore, they abstain from inquiry, and try to meet an assertion of a fact by argument or abuse. It is the old way of the world. It has been so from the beginning, and ever will be so while vanity reigns in the human breast, and philosophers are subjected to the influences of interest and ambition equally with the most ignorant and narrow-minded. Dr. GREGORY observes—

Can any great truth be pointed out, which, when new, or at its first announcement, was adopted by the scientific leaders of the time? This was certainly not

the case with the great truths of Astronomy; nor with the existence of the new world, as a corollary from the spherical form of the earth; nor with the doctrine itself that the earth is a sphere; nor with the doctrine of phlogiston, the best attainable at the time; nor with the anti-phlogistic doctrine; nor with the discovery of the simple nature of chlorine; nor with the truths of Geology; nor with the discovery of steam navigation; nor with that of travelling on railways by locomotive steam engines; nor with that of gas light; nor with the philosophy of Bacon; nor with that of Newton. In short, the established leaders of science, being generally men advanced in life, are by nature averse to novelty. It is a trite remark, that no physician who was above forty years of age, when Harvey promulgated his doctrine of the circulation of the blood, ever adopted it as true. It was left to the rising generation of Harvey's time, as for that of Newton's, to doubt which would now be regarded as a proof of insanity or imbecility. Gall's doctrine of Phrenology, or of Cerebral Physiology, is just beginning to emerge from the period of prejudiced and irrational opposition which all new views must, as if by a law of nature, pass through. We may see in the tone of the more recent writings on ethical subjects, that the younger generation of authors and teachers have, to a great extent, adopted the principles of Gall's doctrine. The great truths of Geology, thanks to those geologists who were young when they were first announced, have passed through that period, and are now admitted and employed in religious discussions by the very class of man, namely the clergy, who at first most fiercely attacked them.

Already a change is manifest. The believers are more numerous, the sceptics fewer. Driven from their first position, that all was an imposture, they now assert that many of the phenomena are real, but they are not *new*; they are known to physiology. It is so. Mesmerism is nothing more than *artificial* somnambulism: the phenomena we produce artificially, nature produces spontaneously, only that by the power of thus producing it, we have been enabled to investigate it more narrowly, and to elude many results which doubtless could also be seen in the natural somnambulist, if patients were to be had and opportunity for trial afforded. But as this is clearly impossible, we are entitled to assume that the phenomena seen in the artificial state are not peculiar to that state, and therefore not unnatural, but only nature beheld in a certain abnormal state, which is as much a part of nature as the normal state. The rational conclusion is, that if the sceptic was wrong in treating as an imposture a portion of the phenomena, which he now admits to be genuine, may he not be equally wrong in abusing as fraud the rest of the phenomena which he does not admit. What right has he to say, "True, I was mistaken so far, but beyond this precise point I am right." Modesty at least should restrain a positive conclusion by a judgment, which is compelled to admit that it has grievously erred up to a certain point. These *higher* phenomena as they are improperly called, have been discovered by the very same experiments that produced the lower ones, and came without being sought.

The production of somnambulism, or the magnetic sleep, of insensibility to pain, of cataleptic rigidity, &c., by passes at a certain distance, and without contact, appears to me as wonderful, and is certainly as little explainable by known laws, as that of clairvoyance, or of the highest degree of sympathy. These so-called lower phenomena prove the existence of an influence, which can be exerted by one human being on another, and which is not one of the known influences, such as heat, electricity, or ordinary magnetism. This being admitted, distance, as in the case of these imponderables, is a matter of little or no moment. The vital magnetic influence can as easily be supposed capable of passing through enormous distances, as light, electricity, or magnetism proper; and all its effects are equally wonderful, and equally explainable.

Our sceptic admits the fact of the magnetic sleep. Nay, he goes so far as to produce it; and his subject, while sleeping, converses sensibly with him. All of a sudden, and perhaps accidentally, the question arises, how long is he to sleep? And he answers at once, ten, fifteen, forty, or any number of minutes, and is found correct to a second. Or the operator commands him to sleep exactly one hour, or an hour and a quarter, and he does so, to a second, again. Now all the so-called higher phenomena constantly present themselves in this way. The operator puts a lozenge in his mouth,

while the sleeper cannot see him. All at once the sleeper begins chewing and tasting,—nothing; but on inquiry, he declares he is eating a lozenge. Here is community of taste; we had, before, control of the imagination as to the duration of the sleep. Again, the subject all at once exclaims, I see Mr. A. or Mrs. B.; describes the room, which perhaps he has never seen, and the occupation and dress of the person seen with perfect accuracy. Here is clairvoyance, which daily thus forces itself on our notice. I do not here enter into the question of its explanation; but here is the fact. And thus I might go on, illustrating all the higher phenomena, which resting on the same testimony as that which supports the lower, are, when duly observed, of course equally true.

To the objection that Animal Magnetism may be employed for improper purposes it may be answered, first, that the objection itself assumes it to be a fact, and not an imposture, and if a fact in nature it is our duty to investigate it equally with all other facts, and, secondly, that has not any such tendency.

I may add, that while I would not deny the possibility of the perversion of Animal Magnetism to bad purposes, this is not so easy as may be supposed. It is true that the subject, in things indifferent, or in things good in themselves, obeys implicitly, in many cases, the will of the operator. But this obedience is not unlimited or unconditional. It is, on the contrary, an observed and well-authenticated fact, that, in general, the moral perceptions and feelings of the somnambulist are exalted and strengthened in the sleep, and he generally exhibits a profound aversion for all that is bad, false, and mean. In vain might we try, in many cases, at least, to induce the subject to violate confidence, or to betray a secret which he has learned in his sleeping state, while he usually forgets it entirely in his usual state. Were we capable of trying to persuade the sleeper to do a bad action, we should soon discover that he is awake to moral obligations, and usually much more so than in his ordinary waking condition. In most cases, perhaps in all, the very countenance becomes more refined, and indicates a higher tone of moral feeling. The state of somnambulism is not a true sleep, but a state in which ordinary vision is cut off, while the mind is, in other respects, not only awake, but, intellectually and morally, more active than usual, so as to fill the observer with astonishment. The language of the subject is of a higher character, more correct and refined than his ordinary speech. And he is only subject to the will of the operator, as a general rule (for so great is the variety in these cases, that we must admit the possibility of exceptions), in matters which do not imply a violation of duty and morality. The fear, therefore, of the perversion of Animal Magnetism to bad ends, which in itself is no argument against its truth or utility, is much exaggerated in the minds of those who are not familiar with the phenomena, especially with the truly beautiful, I may say angelic, disposition, so frequently manifested in the magnetic sleep by the higher classes of minds, and, in a less degree, by all.

We can, from personal experience, fully verify these remarks.

Then again, it has been said that it leads to infidelity. This is the old form of attacking a new truth, always resorted to by opponents, when argument fails. The best answer to this objection is a simple denial of the assertion. So far from such a result being probable, it is a remarkable fact, that from Animal Magnetism we obtain the most satisfactory evidence which nature affords (apart from revelation), of the existence of soul as distinct from body—mind as differing from matter. Only thus can the phenomena be explained. The fact, proved by Mesmerism, that the mind can see when the bodily organs are asleep, amounts almost to positive proof that the mind is spiritual, possessing faculties of its own, far greater than those which it can exercise through the body, and if spiritual, immortal; if immortal, responsible for its actions in the body; if responsible, helpless to *save itself*. We have stated the conclusions only, but the intelligent reader will have no difficulty in following the steps of the reasoning by which they are attained.

It would be impossible for us to follow Dr. GREGORY through his minute description of the various phenomena presented in the mesmeric sleep; we can but notice some of the most remarkable of them. Thus, although the patient has no recollection in his waking

state of what has occurred in his sleeping state, the memory revives when again asleep, and he can even be commanded to do certain things when he wakes and will do them.

Although the sleeper, in general, has no recollection, when awake, of what has passed in the sleep, this is far from being an uniform occurrence. Some remember a part, others the whole, of what has taken place. But even, in many of those cases, in which there is, naturally, no remembrance of it, the operator, if he choose, may command his subject, during the sleep, to remember a part or the whole of what has occurred, which will then be remembered accordingly. I have already alluded to this under divided consciousness.

A striking instance of this has come to our knowledge. A young lady in Cornwall was magnetised, and in her sleep was directed to carry a certain book to a certain house, at a particular hour, on the following day. It was arranged that no knowledge whatever should be conveyed to her of the direction. At the time named she did take the book as directed. On being questioned why she did so, she could not tell: she had no recollection of being ordered so to do, she could only explain it by saying that it came into her mind that she should do so, but she knew not why or how, and therefore she did it. It was a strong impulse which she could not resist.

As Dr. GREGORY has introduced by way of digression, so will we, the results of his experience:

ANIMAL MAGNETISM NOT INJURIOUS

In the hands of qualified experimenters, I have never seen one unpleasant accident. I have heard of several in the circumstances above sketched, and on the authority of both the operators, and of their subjects. But I can go farther. For I have never yet seen a case in which the magnetic sleep was produced in the proper way, in which the sleeper did not declare, not only that he sustained no injury, but also, that he always felt better, stronger, and more fit for work of any kind after the sleep, than before it. And, in very many cases, the general health, if in any way bad, has been improved, or a complete cure effected, by a course of Animal Magnetism. I do not mean to say that it never can prove injurious to any one; because I have not sufficient experience to justify me in drawing such a conclusion. But this I can say, that in all the cases I have seen in the hands of others, and in all that have been in my own hands, including in both categories many nervous persons, affected with various maladies, some of them precisely of that kind, such as heart complaints, which would appear the most likely to suffer from any undue excitement, the effect of the magnetic process in general, and of the sleep in particular, has always been soothing, and never, in any one instance, unpleasant to the patient; besides, as I have said, acting beneficially on the health. I regard it as equally safe and more beneficial to impaired health than ordinary sleep; that is, as far as my experience goes.

We reserve the chapter on *Clairvoyance* for another notice.

Pleasures, Objects, and Advantages of Literature. A Discourse. By the Rev. R. A. WILLMOTT, Author of "Jeremy Taylor: a Biography." London: Bosworth. 1851. pp. 301.

MR. WILLMOTT has, by nature, a scholarly turn of mind, which has been cultivated to advantage by various and extensive reading. He has improved himself into a bookman, not sunk himself into a bookworm, finding profit and communicating it. The ground of which he has possessed himself is building-ground. His views are refined, his sympathies large, his fancy fertile and sparkling.

The *Pleasures, Objects, and Advantages of Literature* is not a systematic treatise, but a series of considerations and illustrative thoughts, often pictorial or poetic, almost always pointed and well turned. This, which is the merit, is also the danger, of the author's style, inducing, not unfrequently, affectation or stilted loftiness. The sentences are curt and epigrammatic in form, even when there is little beneath the surface; much as EMERSON's might be (including, too, some use of colloquialism) had he less to write of than to write, with a desire to disguise the deficiency.

What will the reader, or the critic who preserves common sense as a basis of elect taste, say to the designation of Jewish history as "God's illuminated clock set in the dark steeple of time?" or to such ornate commonplace as this: "He follows the green path that winds up the embowered page of THOMSON; or, if his mood be idler, he gathers a few sonnets, the hedge-flowers of fancy, and dreams over a stanza of PARNELL and SHENSTONE." Mr. WILLMOTT, it will be seen, gathers the garden-poppies sometimes, forced into flimsy artificial tawdriness. But these are only casual instances. That he can be a sound thinker as well as an utterer of good things, really good, the following, on criticism, will show:

An artist once objected to a living painter, that he could never tell where in nature he found those gorgeous hues, which seem to inflame his landscapes, and shower purple and crimson over the field or the river. The ear of society caught up the reply,—"I dare say that you never see such colours; but do you not wish that you could?"

One of the lessons of criticism is the folly of making our own knowledge a standard of probability. Consider the bone of a reptile in the hand of a ploughman, and of Owen. The common observer notices only one hue of green, while the cultivated eye perceives a grey tint in the sun's reflection on leaves and grass. An Abyssinian traveller saw in the Bay of Tajoura the azure and gold of the most extravagant picture; and Mrs. Houston speaks of the autumn foliage in American woods as bewildering the describer by its dazzling varieties. "If a painter were to endeavour to depict them to life, he would be called as mad as Turner."

Poetical images—which are the lights and landscapes of fancy—claim the benefit of these illustrations. What is unknown is not impossible. Disbelief of things because they are contrary to our experience is fatal to entertainment and to truth, both in literature and in morals.

A trifling circumstance occurs to me in Thomson's account of the Dorsetshire Downs, where he speaks of their woody slopes dipping into shadow, the broad patches of corn-land, and enormous flocks scattered over uninhabited tracts of country—these he calls "white." But the epithet was an accommodation of truth to poetical custom; when he composed *The Seasons*, the sheep of Dorset were usually washed with red ochre. Suppose that he had preserved this local peculiarity, and have written:

Pure Dorsetian downs
The boundless prospect spread, here shagged with woods,
There rich with harvests, and there red with sheep;

the whole array of town critics would have been in arms, impatient for the assault, yet certain of defeat. The amplest knowledge has the largest faith. Ignorance is always incredulous. Tell an English cottager that the belfries of Swedish churches are crimson, and his own white steeple furnishes him with a contradiction.

This discourse scarcely presumes to speak of criticism, as it now lives and flourishes. Much, however, of the pleasure of literature arises out of its skilful exercise. If there be in it little of the splenetic heart of a former century, there is abundance of untimely fruit, and confident foreheads. Its defects are twofold,—a want of modesty, and a want of knowledge. A remedy for the former is to be found in the removal of the latter. The truest critic, like the deepest philosopher, will produce his opinions as doubts. Only the astrologer and the empiric never fail.

In poetry, Mr. WILLMOTT's supreme homage is rendered to HOMER, rather even than to SHAKESPEARE; SPENSER and TASSO also are great favourites. He defends prose fiction against the accusation of unsettling and enervating tendency, and devotes some eloquent pages to historical literature.

The book is elegantly printed in the manner of last century, with side-notes and references. The notes especially seem to us, in their obtrusiveness, to be another form of that tendency to affected exquisiteness into which the author allows his style to be betrayed. Why, for instance, after he has enforced his views in passing by a moderately apt illustration, need he call our attention to it so pointedly as by printing it in the margin—"the ill effects of this practice shown in a simile"? Such elbow-nudgings can scarcely be prompted, at best, by anything superior to an aim at peculiarity and are liable to be construed as petty and pertinacious self-assertion.

W. M. R.

The Infinite Republic: a Spiritual Revolution. By WILLIAM NORTH. London: Clarke. 1851.

THE present essay belongs to a class of productions which make their appearance every now and then on the library table of the modern reviewer; which he, in such cases, often puts by unnoticed, or condemns, perhaps, without perusal; and regarding which, indeed (whether priceless or worthless, for this class consists chiefly of the two extremes), we fear that most critics—read they or read they not—are but qualified to grope hand in hand with their public, more or less gracefully, as very blind leaders of the very blind. Nevertheless, there is no section of literature which has furnished, from a comparatively small number of works, and these for the most part dead rot, so much of that stern and lively truth which is the living blood of all ages.

We have said thus much, chiefly because the nature of our Journal not permitting lengthened examination into works of this character, we are at the same time unwilling that the briefness of our remarks should be supposed, in any instance, to result from that superficiality which is but too often the secret of disparagement.

As regards the essay immediately under notice, we doubt not that its author, Mr. NORTH, should our remarks meet his eye, would readily admit that the doctrinal portion of his work is not such as could be adequately argued in our pages; and that in assuring our readers that he appears to us to have written throughout in a thoroughly honest and earnest spirit, we are doing as much for him as lies in our power. Throughout the pamphlet, the author speaks of himself in the third person, so as to give to the chain of argument almost the life and movement of a narrative. He has divided his subject into five chapters: I. The Student; II. The System; III. Harmony in Discord; IV. The Operations of Mind; and V. The Human Application. Under all these heads he has much to say on many matters, "Concerning God, free will, and destiny." The style of all this, based, as it is, for the most part, on pure self-assertion, will amuse some and disgust others; while there remains "a certain tally of the singular few," who, even should they at length withhold acquiescence, will at least grant a hearing before they condemn, as calling to mind some startling precedents on record. In this utter good faith and reliance on personal convictions, the essay resembles somewhat the singular work published towards the latter end of last year under the title of *The Alpha*. The opinions of the two writers are in general, however, widely different; consequently, it is clear that, on many points, one at least of these two equally confident gentlemen must be profoundly and exquisitely wrong. Meanwhile we may mention one advantage which the author of *The Infinite Republic* possesses over many among the propounders of systems and writers of spiritual politics; we allude to a certain poetic presence which is felt in numerous passages of Mr. NORTH's production, and which, we dare say, may prove the means of carrying some readers to the end of it, who care little for what the author considers to be "truths hostile to established delusions."

However, even should the present treatise fail altogether in attracting that large amount of notice which, in such a case, constitutes, together with silent and utter neglect, the "hazard of the die," it seems clear to us that Mr. NORTH lacks neither power nor "pluck" for another effort; being well assured, as we doubt not he is, that obscurity is at any time more easily converted into fame than is mere notoriety. Indeed, a practical sequel to *The Infinite Republic* is promised. The following brief extract (the only one which our space will permit us to make) may serve to illustrate what we have said regarding the author's frequent vividness of diction:—

PROOFS OF SPIRITUAL IMMORTALITY.

The proof of a past, a future, and a purely personal existence of the individual being, lies not in any records or traditions of past ages, but in the fact that such conceptions exist, without any mental or physical proof of their possible realization.

Were the spirit finite, springing from or returning to nothingness, it would be utterly absurd to imagine that it could form conceptions of, or aspirations towards, an eternal and infinite existence, contrary to all actual experience, and to the very principles of its own nature.

The proof that the instinct of immortality in nowise resembles the common love of life, or desire of self-preservation, as is often foolishly asserted, lies in the fact that many men have not only faced death fearlessly, but actually committed suicide, with a perfect faith in an eternal spiritual destiny.

The absence of specific recollections of a former state is as little a proof of its non-existence, as would be forgetfulness of the thoughts and actions of early childhood in this present state. But, in reality, the memory or knowledge of another form of being cannot survive in the forms of this present life. We remember the ideas, we forget the language. It is a spiritual translation. Our identity is not a relative, but an essential

fact, independent of all forms of sensation or consciousness whatsoever. Otherwise the dreamer or the madman would cease to be one and the same person as they had been when sane. Otherwise, one affected by wine, or other magnetic influence, might claim to be another and distinct individual; which none but a man enamoured of paradox for its own sake, could venture for an instant to maintain.

SCIENCE.

The Architecture of the Heavens. By J. P. NICHOL, LL.D. Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow. Ninth Edition, revised and enlarged. London: Baillière.

THIS justly popular work has been introduced by Mr. BAILLIÈRE into his "Library of Illustrated Standard Scientific Works," of which it will form one of the most valuable and acceptable volumes. The author has carefully revised it for the present edition, bringing down the information to the present state of Astronomical knowledge which, as our readers are aware, has made great advances even during the last two years. This is, beyond all measure, the best treatise on Astronomy in our language, and should be used by all schools and families; nor is there any person of any age who will not be surprised at the amount of new information it conveys to him, in consequence of the lucid manner of describing scientific truths which distinguishes Dr. NICHOL's writings. This edition has the further advantage of being copiously illustrated with engravings. Its fame is already established.

HISTORY.

Introduction to the History of the Peace, from 1800 to 1815. By HARRIET MARTINEAU. London: C. Knight.

WHETHER it be the compression required to bring the History of fifteen busy years within a space appropriate for an introduction to a work in two volumes, or weariness of a renewed task, we know not, but certain it is that Miss MARTINEAU has not been so successful in the composition of this elaborate preface as she was in that of the History. It is too much a mere sketch—rather the author's impressions of history than history itself. Miss MARTINEAU starts with a theory and arrays her facts for its support. This gives her more of the aspect of an advocate making out a case, than of a philosopher sifting facts to find the very truth. But, defective as it will be deemed in strict critical estimation, this Introduction, of more than 300 pages, is, perhaps, the most accurate, and certainly the most interesting, account that has yet been written of the progress of the English people during the first fifteen years of the present century. The writer has her partialities and her prejudices, but upon the whole she is as fair in her judgments upon individuals as a contemporary historian can be expected to be found, and, strange to say, while severe upon parties, and sometimes not very clear sighted in her views of events and policies, she is always acute and usually discriminating in her descriptions of character. She judges men more truly than events, and with a general kindness that rubs off all the asperities of party and sectarian feeling, and induces her to look to the fair side of every personage passed under review, to conceal no virtues, to magnify no faults, and to make allowance for the weaknesses of human nature, and this generosity is exercised towards those to whose opinions she is opposed, equally as to those with whom she is in accord—a rare and commendable quality in an historian, too often a mere partisan, praising all who are of his own party or sect, abusing all who differ from him. Miss MARTINEAU has, indeed, exercised the impartiality which is usually deemed to be impossible in a contemporary, and only to be hoped for from a far distant posterity.

Not that she is wanting in sympathies, or withholds her own opinions, for this is not necessary to impartiality, which demands nothing more than that the author's politics shall not bias his judgment of the characters and conduct of others. Her estimate of PITT, for instance, is a fairer one than has ever been

formed of him before, steering between the extravagant adulation of his friends and the undue depreciation of his opponents. The only sketch in which we can detect a prejudice is in that of GEORGE the Third, whom she rates, we think, at too low a scale in intellect, scarcely allowing sufficient credit for his virtues.

Perhaps it is from the necessity imposed upon her for brevity, but, whatever the cause, certain it is, that in this Introduction she has not been so pictorial as in *The History of the Peace*; it does not leave upon the mind of the reader the same vivid memory of men and events; it is not so interesting to peruse, and it is got up with less care. But it is only by comparison with herself that it is wanting: compared with any other history of the same period, that has yet been attempted, its merits are beyond question, and it is a valuable addition to *The History of the Peace*, for it gives us that which had long been wanting to our literature, a History of the Present Century, so memorable in the annals of the human race, as the first in which the experiment of peace has been tried upon an extensive scale, although eighteen hundred years have fled since the Divine Founder of our religion proclaimed it to the world.

A few passages will serve to show the composition of this work.

WILLIAM PITT.

His temper was so sanguine as to impair his sagacity throughout his whole career. He was always found trusting our allies abroad—not only their good faith and ability, but their good fortune. He was always found expecting that the Austrians would defeat Napoleon in the next battle; believing that the plan of every campaign was admirable and inexpugnable; immovably convinced that what he considered the right must prevail—not only in the long run, but at every step. If his fortitude of soul, and sweetness of temper, had not incessantly overborne his imperfection of judgment, his career must have ended very early, for his failures were incessant. Such a repetition of failures would not have been permitted to any man whose personal greatness and sweetness did not overbear other people's faculties as much as his own. If it is impossible now to read his private letters, written in the darkest hours of his official adversities, without a throbbing of the heart at the calm fortitude and indomitable hopefulness of their tone, it may be easily conceived how overpowering was the influence of these qualities over the minds of the small men, and the superficial men, and the congenial men, and the affectionate idolaters, by whom he was surrounded. If any of these doubted whether the Austrians would win the next battle, it was not till they went home, and sank into themselves; and then they did not tell him so. If any of them feared Napoleon more than they trusted plans of a campaign, it was not while his bright eye was upon them, and his eloquence of hope was filling their ears; and when they relapsed into dread they did not tell him so. The restless, suspicious, worrying, obstinate, ignorant mind of the half-insane king was laid at rest for the hour when they were together; and the charm which invested the minister made him for those hours the sovereign over his master. It was no wonder that all this did him harm, and tended to impair still further his already weak sagacity. When he carried his accustomed methods into the conduct of critical affairs, or of domestic politics, it could not be but that, sooner or later, he must find himself involved in some tremendous difficulty. He was always kept in the dark about one thing or another that it was important for him to know. Nobody ever hinted to him that he was wrong; nobody ever called him to account; there were none but party foes to show him the other side of any question. Holding his head high above the jobbers and self-seekers about him, and never looking down into their dirty tricks, or giving ear to their selfish cravings, except to get rid of them by gratifying them—too easily, no doubt, but with a heedless contempt; resorting for sympathy and counsel to the best of his friends, and then finding little but open-hearted idolatry, it is no wonder that he was unguarded, over-confident, and virtually, though not consciously, despotic. Despotic he was throughout. His comrades, including the king, revelled in the despotism, on account of its charm. The suffering people felt the worst of the despotism, without any of the charm. While this host of sufferers was growing restless under the burdens of the war, and some of them frantic under the repression of their civil liberties; while the northern powers were banding against us, to cut off our commerce, and humble our naval pride; while Napoleon was marshalling his

500,000 soldiers on their coast, so that they could be seen from our cliffs on a sunny day; while the frame of the great minister was weighing down under the secret griefs and mortifications which he never breathed to human ear, he involved himself, by his constitutional and habitual faults, in a fog of difficulty, which darkened the opening of the new century, and poisoned his peace and his life. He scarcely abated the loftiness of his carriage in the midst of it; he manifested a higher magnanimity than ever before; his patience and gentleness almost intoxicated the moral sense of his adorers; he seemed to forget all cares in reading Aristophanes, and reciting Horace or Lucan, with his young friend Canning, under the trees at sunset, or kept together parties of friends—ladies, children, and all—round the fireside till past midnight, by his flow of rich discourse; but his spirit was breaking. He had learned what fear was; and it was a fear which brought remorse with it. No remorse for the slaughter of the war; no remorse for the woes of the widows and orphans; no remorse for having overborne the Englishman's liberty of speech and political action. About these things he appears to have had no sensibility. He had no popular sympathies; though he certainly would have had if the people had ever come before his eyes, or he had had that high faculty of imagination which might have brought them before the eye of his mind. To him, the people were an abstraction; and he had no turn for abstractions. The nearest approach he made to entertaining abstractions was in acting for the national glory and international duty. His view was probably right, as far as it went; but it was imperfect; so imperfect, that he may be pronounced unfit for such a place as he held, in such times. His remorse was nothing of this kind; but for having done that which caused a return of the king's insanity, and, by that consequence, compelled him to break faith with the Catholics. He always denied, and everybody believes him, that any express pledge was given to the Catholics; but nobody denies that those of them who agreed to the union did so under an authorized expectation that they might send representatives out of their own body to Parliament. This expectation he found himself compelled to disappoint. He was not one to acknowledge the effect upon himself of such a difficulty as had arisen through his means; but all who loved him immediately saw, and those who opposed him soon learned, that the peace of his mind, and the brilliancy of his life, were overshadowed. But a short term of life remained; and that had much bitterness in it; so much, that it was truly a bitterness unto death. He died broken-hearted.

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF NELSON.

It was while Mr. Pitt was in the midst of the struggle of feeling which has been described as succeeding the news of the capitulation of Ulm—only on the Thursday after that Sunday when he carried the Dutch newspaper to his friend in Spring Gardens—that the tidings of the battle of Trafalgar reached him. He was called up in the night to receive them, in the form of a packet of despatches from Admiral Collingwood. He said afterwards, that, for once in his life, he could not sleep after the interruption. Many times, in his career as Minister, he had been called up in the night to receive news, good or bad; and he had always before been able to lay down his head and sleep immediately; but on this occasion he was so restless that he rose at three o'clock. The naval power of France and Spain was destroyed. We had nothing more to fear at sea; that part of our warfare might be considered closed; but Nelson was gone; and no one, from Pitt down to the humblest man born on British ground, knew whether most to rejoice or to mourn. Their peculiar hero was lost, the greatest naval commander that the world had produced; and nothing could be a compensation for his loss. Peculiar indeed Nelson was; peculiarly British among other things. While full fraught with the genius which belongs to no country, he had the qualities, almost in excess, which Britons are apt to call British. His whole frame of body and mind seems to have overflowed with an electric sensibility, by which his own life was made one series of emotions, and his own being seemed to communicate itself to all others. Every man, woman, and child, who came near him was heroic; and in himself were mingled emotions which rarely meet in the same soul. Few would have the courage to entertain at once, as he did, guilt and piety, remorse and confidence, paroxysms of weakness and inspirations of strength. Except as his native vigour wrought as discipline, he was undisciplined. He was as vehement in his modes of expression as in his feelings; and he appears to have made no effort whatever to preserve his domestic virtue, and withstand the guilty passion which poisoned his life, and that of his innocent wife, and which mingles pity and disgust with the admiration and gratitude of an idolizing nation. His piety was not only warm, but most presumptuous in the midst of his helpless guilt. He prayed glowingly and confidently; but then, it was not like the prayer of any one else. It was petition as to a Superior Power enlisted against

the French, which, on such an occasion, would not deal with him about Lady Hamilton. This view, unconsciously held, was no doubt natural; for it was that of the people generally. No one wanted to deal with him, as others are dealt with by society, for his domestic guilt, while he was to the popular eye like an angel with a flaming sword, God-sent to deliver the country. To the people, he was now the champion and the sailor; and he was adored as he, in that view, deserved to be. The disclosures of after years, and the ethical judgment which, sooner or later, follows upon a passionate idolatry, have made the name and image of Nelson now very different from what they were on the day of his funeral; but still he is truly regarded as the greatest of naval captains; as worthy of all honour for bravery, humanity, professional disinterestedness, and devoted zeal; and as commanding even a deeper admiration by the delicacy of his sensibilities on behalf of his country and his comrades. His passions and weaknesses were so clearly the misery of his life, that to point them out as being so is, perhaps, a sufficient reprobation. In the ecstasy of their gratitude, the nation mourned that they could do nothing but heap honours on the memory of their hero, and on all whom he had left to whom they could do honour without shaming him and themselves. His brother was made an earl, with an income of 6,000*l.* a-year; his sisters were presented with 10,000*l.* each; and 100,000*l.* were voted for the purchase of an estate. All this would not have satisfied him; for, in the last paper he wrote, on the day of his death, the paper which made the nation his executor, he thrust his relations into a sort of postscript. It was Emma Hamilton whom he bequeathed to the nation's care, with a curious mingling of claims of her own public services, and of her being *his* Emma. The one claim neutralized the other. If it was the principle and method of society in England to reward public service, wherever found, without a glance at private moral deserts, Lady Hamilton might and would have been pensioned, and raised far above the destitution in which she died abroad. But such is not—and was, even less, at that time—the view of English society; and Lady Hamilton could expect nothing from the nation while she was commended to them as Nelson's legacy; known, as she was, to have estranged him from a wife to whose goodness he bore the most emphatic testimony. It is a relief to turn from the spectacle of Nelson writing that paper in his cabin to that of his funeral in St. Paul's, when the sailors seized his flag, as it was about to be lowered into his grave, and rent it in pieces, that each might wear a fragment next his heart. The leaden coffin, in which he was brought home, was cut up and spread abroad in like manner. Statues and other monuments were voted in profusion; and for many years afterwards children by the firesides of England looked up when their ear was struck by the tone in which Nelson's name was spoken, and wondered at the tears which they saw in their parents' eyes. Never was man more mourned by a nation.

Talvi's History of the Colonization of America. Edited by WILLIAM HAZLITT, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. In 2 vols. London: Newby.

A HISTORY of the first colonization of America, written by a German emigrant, and the first work on the subject from a German pen. Hence its value to the English reader. Hitherto BANCROFT'S History has been the only accessible one, and he writes with a good deal of the spirit of a partisan, addressing himself particularly to the tastes of his countrymen. A history, written by an impartial stranger, having not the bias on either side which would be almost inseparable from an American or an English author treating of such a subject, cannot but be acceptable to those who desire to learn the very truth, and not merely to have their prejudices flattered. TALVI has performed his duty with singular calmness and fairness. He distributes praise and blame, without considering first to which side of the Atlantic it is directed. He is a diligent collector of facts, and resolved not to take them at second-hand, and he has most industriously searched the annals of the States for such of their early records as have been preserved. German patience, the badge of his race, is apparent in his pages, and the critical acumen in which they excel has been exercised here in the sifting of the facts from the inflated narratives of them written by contemporaries who had a purpose to serve and the powerful to flatter, even when they were not passing judgment upon themselves.

Mr. HAZLITT has done good service to historical literature by introducing this work to the notice of English readers, who have long wanted some such impartial chronicle of the infancy of the United States.

The Theocratic Philosophy of English History. By the Rev. J. D. SCHONBERG, B.A., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. In 2 vols.

It appears from the title page, that this work was

published so long since as 1842, and we cannot understand why it should now have been laid upon our table for review, contrary to the rules that regulate a journal which professes to chronicle only contemporary literature. But being so beyond our critical jurisdiction, we can only say of it that it is, in fact, a history of the English Church in its connection with the State, composed by one who combines considerable reflective power with much industry and eloquence.

The Dark Days of Queen Mary. By EDWIN PAXTON HOOD. London: Partridge and Oakey. pp. 209.

A NARRATIVE of the doings in the reign of MARY, designed to confirm Protestant feeling by exhibiting Popery in power. It is neatly written, but with a strong partisan spirit, and therefore bias. It is more the pleading of an advocate than the judgment of an historian.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Works of Robert Burns. Edited by ROBERT CHAMBERS. Vol. II. Edinburgh: Chambers.

IN our notice of the first volume of this work, we stated its design to be, by mingling the poetry with the biography in chronological order, to make the one illustrate the other, vastly adding to the interest and enjoyment of both. This second volume includes the incidents and compositions of two years of the poet's life, from November 1786, to February 1788, which were spent at Edinburgh, in the first flush of triumph at a success which he had scarcely dared to hope for. His letters during this period, and which are also interspersed, are almost an autobiography.

The same plan might be advantageously applied to the biographies of other poets. We recommend it to authors seeking for subjects.

MEDICINE.

The Teeth and their Preservation, in Infancy and Manhood to Old Age. By ALFRED CANTON, M.R.C.S.L. London: Baillière.

THIS is not the advertisement of a quack, as was every pretended treatise on the teeth which has been sent to us during our eight years of literary journalizing, but an essay by an experienced medical practitioner who has studied the subject, and desires to give the world the benefit of his studies. He has written for popular comprehension, because he desires that people should take care of their own teeth, and so save the necessity for paying a dentist to plug them or pull them out; but he imparts information which will be valuable to the medical man also.

Mr. CANTON endeavours to impress upon mothers the extreme importance of attention to the teeth during the early life of children, for then it is that most mischief is done, and prevention of future evil is most easy. He is earnest in his warning to all not to entrust their jaws to ignorant quacks, with whom the country abounds; indeed, to require in their dentist the same certificate of a regular medical education as they would look for in a person whom they were about to call in to cut off a leg. The consequences of ignorance, if not so fatal, are almost as painful. It requires skill and knowledge properly to extract a tooth; scarcely less is needed for putting in an artificial one. They who profess to do so without extracting the old stumps are laying up a certain store of pain and annoyance for their victims. To remedy the evils resulting from the ignorance of quacking, it has been proposed to establish a college of Dental Surgery. It is a useful project.

After a very minute anatomical description of the teeth and the process of dentition, Mr. CANTON gives a minute and interesting account of their physiology and of the medical effects of their healthy and diseased growth. He then directs his attention to the diseases of the teeth and the causes of their decay, noticing, among other curious facts, that which is familiar to everybody—the tendency of the teeth to decay in pairs—the similar teeth on opposite sides of the jaw decaying about the same time.

Mr. CANTON, like all his predecessors, candidly avows his inability to assign a sufficient cause either for this general decay of the teeth, or for this peculiarity in the form of it. He cites the suggestions of various commentators, but sees reasons for dissent from all of them. In this chaos of conjecture, it may be permitted to us, albeit not medical, to submit another to the consideration of the learned, and which was suggested to us by that best of all teachers, personal experience—a careful review of the history of our own jaws!

We have enjoyed excellent health, have taken very little medicine, never been dosed with calomel, have

lived with extreme temperance, and scarcely are conscious of a stomach. Yet have our teeth gone to decay; before we were twenty-five we had lost two or three, and before forty half were gone. Now what could be the cause of this? None of the usual explanations sufficed. So we instituted an examination into the manner of their going, and we found that the history of it was as follows: *The teeth were set too close together*, consequently they pressed upon one another with extreme force, and each had first cracked and then decayed at the *point of junction* with its neighbour; the continued pressure, combined with the slight motion that attends the act of eating, operating as a file and a wedge and breaking the enamel. There was no exception to this, and it was further proved by the fact that, as soon as one tooth had been taken from each jaw, and the pressure relieved, the teeth that were then uninjured have ever since continued sound, and only those have been lost that were previously damaged. This will also explain the cause of the teeth pairing off on opposite sides of the jaw, for being in shape and position the same, and subject to the same kind of injury, they successively were damaged in the same manner and about the same time.

It may be asked why nature should have made the jaw too small for the teeth. This appears to us to be in some way connected with civilization. All savage tribes have large jaws, and as refinement increases the jaws diminish in size and prominence. May not this be the reason why savages have generally such good teeth and civilized persons such bad ones? However, that may be, the subject appears to us to deserve more consideration than it has yet received, and we would hint to our medical readers the propriety of, at least, bearing in mind the cause of early decay in the teeth, which we have above suggested as having actually occurred to ourselves, and we have little doubt they will thus be enabled to explain the *hiatus* in many a mouth, without setting it down to constitutional defect or unsound stomach.

And, if we are right, in this it becomes of great importance that the teeth of children should be closely watched during their growth, to note if they be overcrowded and likely to press upon one another, that the pressure may be prevented by the extraction of one in each jaw, so as to make more room for the rest.

Parents will, we hope, be induced by this hint to look into their children's mouths with remembrance that such an explanation as we have attempted is, at least, not improbable, so that precautions may be taken to prevent the consequences of pressure. And we would ask medical men and dentists to take the suggestion into consideration and make observations with a view to ascertain if there be anything in it; for, if it be true, it will materially modify their practice in the management of the teeth.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Goa and the Blue Mountains: or, Six Months of Sick Leave. By RICHARD F. BURTON. London: Bentley.

Lieutenant BURTON'S *Goa and the Blue Mountains* is not much to be commended. Although the subject is good and there is some novelty in the scenes, the reader's pleasure is marred by repeated instances of bad taste in the composition. That the author is capable of better things, is apparent from pages of really sober and respectable writing, which present themselves occasionally; but, for the most part, it is distinguished for a tone almost amounting to coarseness and vulgarity. We will, however, present him in his best aspects, and let him speak for himself in his soberest moods, so that the reader may see that he can talk well and politely when he pleases.

First, for a lively picture of

INDIAN TRAVELLING.

For the conveyance of your person, India supplies you with three several contrivances. You may, if an invalid, or if you wish to be expeditious, engage a palanquin, station bearers on the road, and travel either with or without halts, at the rate of three or four miles an hour: we cannot promise you much pleasure in the enjoyment of this celebrated Oriental luxury. Between your head and the glowing sun, there is scarcely half an inch of plank, covered with a thin mat, which ought to be, but never is, watered. After a day or two you will hesitate which to hate the most, your bearers monotonous, melancholy, grunting, groaning chaunt, when fresh, or their jolting, jerking, shambling, staggering gait, when tired. In a perpetual state of low fever you cannot eat, drink, or sleep; your mouth burns, your head throbs, your back aches, and your temper borders upon the ferocious. At night, when

sinking into a temporary oblivion of your ills, the wretches are sure to awaken you for the purpose of begging a few pice, to swear that they dare not proceed because there is no oil for the torch, or to let you and your vehicle fall heavily upon the ground, because the foremost bearer very nearly trod upon a snake. Of course you scramble as well as you can out of your cage, and administer discipline to the offenders. And what is the result? They all run away and leave you to pass the night, not in solitude, for probably a hungry tiger circumbulates your box, and is only prevented by a somewhat superstitious awe of its general appearance, from pulling you out of it with claw and jaw, and all the action of a cat preparing to break her fast upon some trapped mouse. All we have said of the palanquin is applicable to its humble modification. The manicheel in this part of the world consists merely of a pole, a canvass sheet hung like a hammock beneath it, and above it a square movable curtain, which you may draw down on the sunny or windy side. In this conveyance you will progress somewhat more rapidly than you did in the heavy wooden chest, but your miseries will be augmented in undue proportion. As it requires a little practice to balance oneself in these machines, you will infallibly be precipitated to the ground when you venture upon your maiden attempt. After that a sense of security, acquired by dint of many falls, leaves your mind free to exercise its powers of observation, you will remark how admirably you are situated for combining the enjoyments of ophthalmic glare, febrile reflected heat, a wind like a sirocco, and dew chilling as the hand of the Destroyer. You feel that your back is bent at the most inconvenient angle, and that the pillows which should support your head invariably find their way down between your shoulders, that you have no spare place, as in the palanquin for carrying about a variety of small comforts, no not even the room to shift your position—in a word, that you are a miserable being.

These are the descendants of the old Portuguese settlers:

THE CASTISSOS, OR WHITE FAMILIES.

There is little wealth among the classes above described. Rich families are rare, landed property is by no means valuable; salaries small; and in so cheap a country as Goa anything beyond 200*l.* or 300*l.* a year would be useless. Entertainments are not common; a ball every six months at Government House, a few dinner parties, and an occasional *soirée* or *nautch*, make up the list of gaieties. In the different little villages where the government employes reside, once a week there is quadrilling and waltzing, à l'antique, some flirting, and a great deal of smoking in the verandah with the ladies, who are, generally speaking, European. Gambling is uncommon; high play unknown. The theatre is closed as if never to open again. No serenades float upon the evening gale, the *guitarra* hangs dusty and worm-eaten against the wall, and the *cicisbeo* is known only by name. Intrigue does not show itself so flauntingly as in Italy, and other parts of Southern Europe. Scandal, however, is as plentiful as it always is in a limited circle of idle society. The stranger who visits Goa, persuaded that he is to meet with the freedom of manners and love of pleasure which distinguish the people of the Continent, will find himself grievously mistaken. The priesthood is numerous, and still influential, if not powerful. The fair sex has not much liberty here, and their natural protectors are jealous as jailers.

The ancient Portuguese *costume de dame*, a plain linen cap, long white waistcoat, with ponderous rosary slung over it, thick striped and coloured petticoat, and, out of doors, a huge white, yellow, blue, or black calico sheet, muffling the whole figure—is now confined to the poor—the ladies dress according to the Parisian fashions. As, however, steamers and the overland route have hitherto done little for Goa, there is considerable grotesqueness to be observed in the garments of the higher as well as the lower orders. The usual mode of life among the higher orders is as follows:—They rise early, take a cold bath, and make a light breakfast at some time between seven and nine. This is followed by a dinner, usually at two; it is a heavy meal of bread, meat, soup, fish, sweetmeats, and fruits, all served up at the same time, in admirable confusion. There are two descriptions of wine, in general use; the *tinto* and *branco*, both imported from Portugal. About five in the evening some take tea and biscuits, after awakening from the siesta and bathing; a stroll at sunset is then indulged in, and the day concludes with a supper of fish, rice, and curry. Considering the little exercise in vogue, the quantity of food consumed is wonderful. The Goanese smoke all day, ladies as well as gentlemen.

Let us take a hasty glance at the place itself:

OLD GOA.

Old Goa has few charms when seen by the light of

day. The places usually visited are the See Primacial (Cathedral), the nunnery of Santa Monica, and the churches of St. Francis, St. Gaetano, and Bom Jesus. The latter contains the magnificent tomb of St. Francis Xavier. His Saintship, however, is no longer displayed to reverential gazers in mummy or "scalded pig" form. Altogether we reckoned about thirty buildings. Many of them were falling to ruin, and others were being, or had been, partially demolished. The extraordinary amount of havoc committed during the last thirty years, is owing partly to the poverty of the Portuguese. Like the modern Romans, they found it cheaper to carry away cut stone, than to quarry it; but, unlike the inhabitants of the Eternal City, they have now no grand object in preserving the ruins. At Panjim, we were informed that even the wood-work that decorates some of the churches had been put up for sale. The edifices, which are still in good repair, may be described in very few words. They are generally speaking, large rambling piles, exposing an extensive surface of white-washed wall, surmounted by sloping roofs of red tile, with lofty belfries and small windows. The visitor will admire the vastness of the design, the excellence of the position, and the adaptation of the architecture to the country and climate. But there his praise will cease. With the exception of some remarkable wood-work, the minor decorations of paintings and statues are inferior to those of any Italian village church. As there is no such thing as coloured marble in the country, parts of the walls are painted exactly in the style of a small *cabaret* in the south of France. The frescoes are of the most grotesque description. Pontius Pilate is accommodated with a huge Turkish turban; and the other saints and sinners appear in costumes equally curious in an historical and pictorial point of view. Some groups, as for instance, the Jesuit martyrs upon the walls of Saint Francis, are absolutely ludicrous. Boiled, roasted, grilled and hashed missionaries, looking more like seals than men, gaze upon you with an eternal smile. A semi-decapitated individual stands bolt upright during the painful process which is being performed by a score of grim-looking heathen. And black savages are uselessly endeavouring to stick another dart in the epidermis of some unfortunate, whose body has already become more

Like an Egyptian porcupine

than aught human. One may fancy what an exhibition it is, from the following fact. Whenever a picture or fresco fades, the less brilliant parts are immediately supplied with a coating of superior vividness by the hand of a common house decorator. They reminded us forcibly of the studio of an Anglo-Indian officer, who, being devotedly fond of pictorial pursuits, and rather pinched for time withal, used to teach his black servants to lay the blue, green, and brown on the canvass, and when he could spare a leisure moment, return to scrape, brush and glaze the colour into sky, trees, and ground. Very like the paintings is the sculpture: it presents a series of cherubims, angels, and saints, whose very aspect makes one shudder, and think of Frankenstein. Stone is sometimes, wood the material generally, used. The latter is almost always painted to make the statue look as unlike life as possible. Yet in spite of these disenchanting details, a feeling not unallied to awe creeps over one when wandering down the desert aisles, or through the crowdless cloisters. In a cathedral large enough for a first-rate city in Europe, some twenty or thirty native Christians may be seen at their devotions, and in monasteries built for hundreds of monks, a single priest is often the only occupant. The few human beings that meet the eye increase rather than diminish the dismal effect of the scene; as sepulchral looking as the spectacle around them, the pallid countenances and emaciated forms seem so many incarnations of the curse of desolation which still hovers over the ruins of Old Goa.

In conclusion, we will produce the far-famed

DANCING GIRLS.

The tables were soon carried away, the rebec and kettledrum sat down in rear of the *figurantes*, and the day began in real earnest. The singing was tolerable for India, and the voices good. As usual, however, the highest notes were strained from the chest, and the use of the *voix de gorge* was utterly neglected. The verses were in Hindostanee and Portuguese, so that the performers understood about as much of them as our young ladies when they perform Italian bravura songs. There was little to admire either in the persons, the dress, or the ornaments of the dancers: common looking Maharatta women, habited in the usual sheet and long-armed bodice, decked with wreaths of yellow flowers, the red mark on the brow, large nose and ear-rings, necklaces, bracelets, bangles, and chain or ring anklets, studded with strings of coarsely made little brass bells. Some of them were very fair, having manifestly had the advantage of one European progenitor: others showed the usual dark yellow hue; the features were seldom

agreeable, round heads, flat foreheads, immense eyes, increased by the streaks of black dye along the thickness of the eyelid, projecting noses, large lips, vanishing chins, and a huge development of 'jowl,' do not make up a very captivating physiognomy. A few, but very few, of quite the youngest *figurantes*, were tolerably pretty. They performed in sets for about four hours, concluding with the *pugree*, or turban dance, a peculiar performance, in which one lady takes the part of a man.

Our matron informed us that Seroda contains about twenty establishments, and a total number of fifty or sixty dancing-girls. According to her account all the stars were at the time of our visit engaged at Panjim, or the towns round about: personal experience enabled us to pronounce that the best were in her house, and, moreover, that there is scarcely a second-rate station in the Bombay Presidency that does not contain prettier women and as good singers. The girls are bought in childhood—their price varies from 3*l.* to 20*l.* The offspring of a Bayadere belongs of right to her owner. When mere children they are initiated in the mysteries of *nautching*,—one young lady who performed before us could scarcely have been five years old. Early habit engenders much enthusiasm for the art. The proportion of those bought in distant lands to those born at Seroda is said to be about one to five. Of late years the nefarious traffic has diminished, but unhappily many are interested in keeping it up as much as possible.

Several of these *nautch* women can read and write. Our matron was powerful at reciting Sanscrit shlokas (stanzas), and as regards Pracrit, the popular dialect she had studied all the best known works, as the "Panja Tantra," together with the legends of Vikram, Raja Bhoj, and other celebrated characters. Their spoken language is the corrupt form of Maharatta, called the Concanee, in general use throughout the Goanese territory; the educated mix up many Sanscrit vocables with it, and some few can talk a little Portuguese. Their speaking voices are loud, hoarse, and grating: each sentence, moreover, ends in a sing-song drawl, which is uncommonly disagreeable to a stranger's ear. These ladies all smoke, chew betel-nut, drink wine and spirits, and eat fowl and onions, an unequivocal sign of low caste. They do not refuse to quit Seroda, as is generally supposed, but, of course, prefer their homes to other places. Living being extremely cheap most of the money made by *nautching* is converted into pearl and gold ornaments; and these are handed down from generation to generation.

Notes on North America, Agricultural, Economical, and Social. By JAMES F. W. JOHNSTON. 2 vols. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. 1851.*

It is presumed that the old class of English travellers in America is now extinct. The world is not now-a-days to be put off with the empty conceit and pretended superiority of a shallow observer, who would dispose of a nation with the same fine air that a town-bred impertinent curls his lip at the homely virtues of the country. English opinion is not now, as in times past, to be contented with the flip-pant remark and contemptuous sarcasm of the eye-glass observation of travellers in America. The fine-bred sneer at a young nation because forsooth it was not born with a silver spoon in its mouth, does not now settle the question against that young nation's prosperity. English opinion; uneasy at home, bewildered with the social difficulties there, with its eye open to the progress and happiness of the western world, travels hither no longer in search of warnings, but examples. The extended dominion, the political power, the rich agriculture, trade, and commerce, the twenty-four millions of people, the law and order and the general happiness of the United States are facts. These facts are manifest to the whole world, and are clear to the sight of Europe, however much its theorists may throw dust in its eyes. With our growth and success, has come naturally that acknowledgment of them that power commands. The change of opinion in England in regard to this country has been a reluctant concession to the force of circumstances. England was never so curious as now about America, and is laudably desirous of investigating and understanding the great American facts.

The old class of English travellers we have

* We are indebted for this notice of a book just published in America to the Editors of *The New York Literary World*.

presumed to be extinct. Read what one of a new class says: "It is to be observed," says Professor JOHNSTON, "that in proportion as a country is great in superficial extent, in natural resources, in population, in growing wealth, or even in manifest energy, in such proportion we feel constrained to respect it. And from respect to imitation the step is natural and easy. We do not carefully analyse, most men are unfit to detect the true sources of its greatness. We connect its peculiar greatness with its political and social peculiarities, and we are inclined to imitate the latter with a view to insure the former." Again, after placing Great Britain in advance in certain directions, he says of the United States: "—there are lines of social and internal progress upon which they have far outstripped us, but along with their example will in like manner hasten the forward movement among ourselves." The liberal spirit in which this is said by Professor JOHNSTON bespeaks for him that favour with which a candid and intelligent traveller is always received.

Professor JOHNSTON, like Sir CHARLES LYELL, whose geological tours in the United States were read with so hearty an appreciation, had a special object in his visit to America. That object, for which he was well prepared from his previous studies in scientific agriculture and natural science, was the investigation of the agricultural condition and resources of North America. More than half of his book is devoted to the British colonies, and the rest to the United States. Though agriculture is the chief topic discussed, there are observations on collateral subjects, geology, and mineralogy, some expression of opinion in regard to social and political questions, and a meagre record of those personal incidents that naturally occur in the course of a journey. More of these latter would have added to the general interest of the book without taking anything from the more sober interest of its didactic parts. Personal facts, if honestly told, are generally new truths, opinions are too often old fallacies.

Professor JOHNSTON embraces in his tour the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the Canadas and the United States, from Maine to Virginia. Although he writes about the Western States, it does not appear that he travelled further to the westward than Buffalo in the State of New York. His observation throughout this tour is chiefly directed to the agriculture of the country. Professor JOHNSTON naturally contrasts the high state of culture of the land in England and Scotland where the land belongs to rich proprietors, who are willing to invest a large capital in improvement and are content with a small interest upon their investment, with the ruder cultivation of North America. The mode of culture here brings a larger immediate return, but is exhaustive in its nature. Our migratory population, like a plague of locusts, strips the land of its richness as it moves to the westward; and while the west opens to the prospect pastures ever new, the fulness of our abundance will not diminish. Time, however, will bring with it a great stationary population, filling all the land, and then resort will be had to the more careful land culture of older and more populous countries.

Of the province of New Brunswick, where Professor JOHNSTON was invited by the Governor and Assembly to report upon its agricultural capabilities, he has much to say. The thriftless condition of this province whence its population is flocking in crowds to the United States, and where the falling off of the trade of its chief port, St. John's, shows a diminution in the course of three years, of 482,092% in its imports and 44,146% in its exports, is attributed to the fluctuating nature of the Lumber trade. It would have been less patriotic, but perhaps more true, if as a cause of the decline of New Brunswick, reference had been made to its great republican neighbour and competitor.

Among Professor JOHNSTON's remarks upon the Agriculture of New Brunswick, there is the following statement of

OBJECTIONS TO BUCKWHEAT.

This grain, I have said, is sufficiently nutritive. Those accustomed to the use of it even say that it gives more strength than any other food. In the form of cakes, the only form in which I have eaten it, it is also very palatable. But the objection to it as the staple food of a people consists in the ease with which it can be raised, the rapidity of its growth, the small quantity of seed it requires, the slovenly and unskillful husbandry which is sufficient in favourable seasons to secure average crops, and the casualties to which the crop is liable from the seasons. It grows on very poor land, from which no other grain crops in remunerative quantity can be obtained, and it is rarely favoured with the luxury of manure. Like the potatoe, therefore, it induces an indolent, and slovenly, and exhausting culture. And supposing the crops to fail, as the potatoe and the wheat have done, the poverty of the land, and the want of skill in the farmer, will render it very difficult to replace it by other crops, which demand more industry, more skill, and more attention to the collection, preservation, and application of manures, and which will refuse to grow on exhausted land.

Of personal incidents we meet with a schoolmaster who teaches three religions.

AN OBEDIENT SCHOOLMASTER.

The schoolmaster teaches the religious catechism which the parents of his pupils wish their children to learn. Thus the same master sometimes teaches in the same school the Church of England Catechism, the Assembly's Catechism, and that of the Romish Church. The schoolmaster at Bay du Vin was surprised that I should think there was anything remarkable in his being required to teach all the three, though he said he had once before heard some one make remarks regarding it. He was himself a Roman Catholic but it was enough for him that he had been ordered to do it.

And we meet with a lady in New Brunswick, whose education has been neglected:

A YOUNG LADY QUESTIONED ON GEOGRAPHY.

At the Governor's table one day at Fredericton, I sat next to a lady, said to be a great heiress, the daughter of an Englishman born, who was complaining loudly of the little that was known of their country at home. "Allow me," I said, "to try your geography? Is Ireland to the east or west of Great Britain?" She could not answer me; and it was unnecessary for me further to defend, on that day at least, our home knowledge in geography against the attacks of the provincials.

Here is a graphic description of a great fire in New Brunswick:

FOREST FIRE.

It was an excessively hot summer, and fires were burning in numerous places upon the Miramichi and St. John Rivers and their tributaries; and the air was everywhere hot, and obscured with smoke. But on the 7th of October it began to blow from the southwest, and the fire to spread over the country in the same direction. The wind increased gradually to a hurricane, and the fire advanced with proportionate rapidity. At one o'clock in the afternoon, it was still seventy miles up the river; and in the evening it was at Douglastown. It travelled eighty-five miles in nine hours, so that scarcely on a fleet horse could a man have escaped from it. Lumberers already in the woods were caught, and solitary settlers with their families; and while all their property was destroyed, some saved their lives by rolling themselves in the rivers, till the scorching blast had passed over them. Instances of miraculous escape he (Mr. Rankin) told us—of parental devotion, and selfish desertion; but the most striking things he mentioned were, that the flame, as it advanced, was twenty-five miles in breadth; that, coming from the west, it rushed past the towns of Newcastle and Douglastown, leaving a green margin of some miles in breadth between its southern edge and the river; and that when, in its easterly course, it reached Burntchurch River, the wind lulled, turned round, and drove the fire up the river again. It then came back along the green fringe it had left as it descended, and by the way licked up the towns of Douglastown and Newcastle; of their 254 houses leaving only 14. It was doubtless the rushing of the sea-wind from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, into the huge fiery vortex, that drove back the flame when it had reached the open mouth of the Miramichi River.

At these towns, men and cattle rushed into the river; and though a hurricane was raging on its surface, people hurried into vessels and boats and scows, and eagerly thrust off from the land. The lesser dread was

forgotten in the presence of the greater. But although so huge a flame was raging, there was no light. Showers of ashes and burned twigs, and still burning brands, and thick smoke filled the air; and for two days afterwards, amid a perfect calm, the darkness on the river was such that a bell was kept tolling on each bank to indicate the site of the ferry, that people might know where to steer to.

The town of Chatham, on the opposite side of the river, in a great measure escaped; but the Nassau Settlement, six miles behind it, was burned to the ground—the settlers only saving their lives in the river till the flames passed away. In many streams, where the native woods still overhung them, the water proved insufficient to preserve human life; and the thousands of salmon and other fish found floating on their surfaces showed how intense and penetrating the heat must have been.

Though Professor JOHNSTON acknowledges that he found throughout the United States men thoroughly acquainted with the established principles of scientific agriculture, he condemns generally the practice of our farmers, who, looking for immediate results, pursue a wasteful system of farming. He thinks that the agricultural resources of the United States have been over estimated, and that instead of increasing they are diminishing; and that the English agriculturists, in spite of free trade, have nothing to fear from the competition of America in the grain markets. We give Professor JOHNSTON's calculations in regard to the supply of wheat in the United States:

WHEAT.

The statistics in this city of Washington, by whom the documents are prepared which have been published in the "Patent Office Reports," assume three bushels of wheat as the maximum average consumption of this grain by each individual of the whole population of the United States. This, for 22,000,000, makes a gross consumption of 66,000,000 of bushels; and as the whole produce for 1848 is stated at 127,000,000, there remain 61,000,000 of bushels for exportation! This is very much larger than my estimate of 22,000,000, and I am satisfied is very much overstated indeed.*

Two facts will, I think, satisfy the reader on this point.

First, the estimate of the total produce of wheat in 1847 was 114,000,000 of bushels. This sum was obtained by adding together a series of numbers representing the estimated produce of each state. Now, among these numbers, the State of Michigan is set down as producing 8,000,000 of bushels, while the report of the authorities of that state makes the produce in 1848 only 3,700,000 bushels! I infer, therefore, that the total estimated produce of 114,000,000 bushels for the whole union in the year 1847, and of 127,000,000 in 1848, are of the nature of rude guesses—as our own are at home—rather than trustworthy data upon which we can build safe conclusions, and that both these yearly estimates err very considerably in excess.

But if the total produce be taken too high, the surplus said to remain for exportation, whether calculated according to my allowance of five bushels, or to the allowance of three bushels, as the consumption of the people per head, is too large also.

Second, the total export of bread-stuffs of all kinds from the United States, up to 1846, had only once (in 1840) exceeded in value 18,000,000 dollars. In the three succeeding famine years, when so much Indian corn was sent to this country, it rose very much higher. For the four years from 1845, it was—

1845,	16,743,421	dollars.
1846,	27,701,121	"
1847,	68,701,921	"
1848,	37,472,751	"

Now if, for the sake of simplicity, we take wheat at an average price, at the place of export on the Atlantic border, of only one dollar a bushel, which is from ten to twenty per cent. below the price it usually brings, and suppose the whole export to have consisted of wheat in the raw state, without any expense of manufacture added to it, each dollar in value of the exports will represent a bushel of wheat. The average export of the states thus estimated did not, up to 1846, exceed 17,000,000 of bushels, and in 1848 did not exceed 37,500,000 of bushels of wheat—a little over 4,000,000 of imperial quarters.

* See, also, Patent Office Report for 1847, where the produce for that year is estimated at 114,000,000, and the consumption at 62,000,000, by a population of 21,000,000 allowing 3½ bushels to each free person, and none to the slaves, or 3 bushels to each individual of the population. This left an exportable quantity of 52,000,000 of bushels for that year. They suppose that each individual consumes 5 bushels of Indian corn, in addition to his 3 bushels of wheat.

If, of the crop of 1847, there were really 52,000,000 bushels of wheat alone to export, and in 1848 10,000,000 more, what became of it all? If even 37,500,000 of bushels were sold, the rest must have been a drug in the market, and must have reduced the value at New York to a mere nominal price. But if nearly one half of the bread-stuffs exported during the three famine years consisted of Indian corn, as was most probably the case, there could not have been a larger quantity, in all, than about 20,000,000 of bushels of wheat sent from the United States to all parts of the world.

It is fair and reasonable therefore, I think, to conclude, until we have better data, that the wheat-exporting capabilities of the United States are not so great as they have by many in Great Britain hitherto been supposed; that they have been overstated on the spot, and that our wheat-growers at home have been unduly alarmed by these distant thunders, the supposed prelude of an imaginary torrent of American wheat which was to overwhelm everything in Great Britain—farming, farmers, and landlords—in one common ruin.

We find succinctly stated in a paragraph, the antagonism between the views of AGASSIZ, in regard to the origin of mankind, and the general doctrine of Christians. The ingenuity of AGASSIZ cannot remove him from this position towards the great body of Christian believers; and it behoves these latter to defend, as we have reason to think they can and will, their cherished belief from an opposing theory of an undeveloped science.

AGASSIZ.

The gravity of the questions to which such opinions from such a man give rise, is not to be judged of by the apparent contradiction they gave to such statements of scripture as that, he "made of one blood all nations on the face of the earth," but in the deductions we must necessarily draw from them if true. If there were a plurality of creations of man, simultaneous or successive, Adam not being the first, what becomes of the doctrine of the fall? and what of the atonement, which is co-extensive in its operation? The first Adam and the second Adam are, in scripture, opposed or contrasted with each other. As in one all died, so in the other all are made alive. If there were many Adams and many Eves, the terms of scripture must be rejected, or must be understood in a new sense.

In Washington, Professor JOHNSON had an interview with General TAYLOR.

GENERAL TAYLOR ON PEACE.

During my brief stay I had also the honour of a private audience with the late President Taylor. The attendant circumstances were very different from those which usually accompany audiences with the chief magistrate of great countries in Europe. A single servant in plain clothes, himself familiar enough in his address, took up our cards without any previous application, and, returning immediately, conducted us to the first floor, and there ushered us at once into the presence of a plain and plainly dressed man of no pretensions, not above the middle height, and who shook us heartily by the hand, as the North American fashion so universally is. We spoke of the agricultural department or bureau, which he had proposed to Congress to organize, subordinate to the Secretary of State. I expressed my opinion of the policy and advantage of giving a definite and recognised place in the affairs of the nation to an interest so important in the United States as its rural industry. As a farmer he was surprised that the step had not been taken by his earlier predecessors. Polk, trained to a peaceful profession, had directed his own and the people's energies to the prosecution of war. Taylor, whose trade had been fighting for forty years, was anxious to promote the arts of peace. We spoke also of Great Britain, and of the blessings of union between the two nations. "If England and the United States agree," he said, "they may keep the whole world at peace." I left the old man with a pleasant and kindly feeling; for with all he said in his simple, plain, unstudied way, I cordially sympathized, and he spoke it naturally enough to satisfy you that it was the expression of his everyday thoughts.

We conclude with an incident at a political gathering in Boston.

WEBSTER.

Mr. Webster had on a former occasion described the Wilnot proviso as his thunder; and as he now decided to press it in reference to the territories, I suppose he had alleged or implied that others ought not to urge it against his wish. The speaker, who was on his legs when I entered, had discoursed for some time upon other topics, when coming to this, he likened it in Webster's hands now to "the mimic thunder of a marble

God." This beautiful comparison had scarcely escaped from his lips, when every voice, male and female, in the vast hall, resounded with acclamations. It seemed to go as direct to their hearts as any bolt from the mouth of Demosthenes ever did to those of the Athenians. I confess that from that moment I looked with a degree of respect on the many unknown people around me.

There are some few verbal errors in the course of the work. In speaking of the conversaziones in Philadelphia, called *Wistar*, from a celebrated Physician, Professor JOHNSTON writes *Whister*, as if it were a comparative degree of whist, while those profound assemblies are guiltless of anything so amusing in any degree. *Riding on a steamboat* we never heard on the North River, though Professor JOHNSTON states it to be a provincialism there. In speaking of the attempt of Mr. FORREST the actor to obtain a divorce in Pennsylvania, the name of POOT POWERS is substituted for that of FORREST.

FICTION.

Arthur Conway; or, Scenes in the Tropics. By Captain MILMAN, Author of "The Wayside Cross," &c. In 3 vols. London: Colburn and Co.

This is a posthumous publication, but it is all the author's own, for the manuscript was in the hands of the publisher completed, before an untimely death deprived literature of one of its most promising aspirants. They who remember *The Wayside Cross*, in "Murray's Home and Colonial Library," will have anticipated, from the announcement of a novel the scene of which is laid in a region familiar to the writer, a repetition of the pleasure they had tasted in the perusal of a narrative of less ambitious form. Nor will they be disappointed. In this larger work, there are the same powers of description, the same poetry and pathos, the same facility of narration by presenting the most striking features of a scene, without wearying by minute detail, which absorbed the attention of the reader in his previous production.

But this has more than the interest of a mere novel. It is one of the most perfect pictures that we have ever seen of the Caribbean Islands: no painter could have brought them before us more vividly, and their novelty is a refreshing change from the hackneyed scenes to which we are introduced by home fictions.

The story is laid in the latter part of the last century, when a party of English and French, for reasons to be sought in the book, betake themselves to the West Indies, and their adventures there are the materials of the plot. But, in that early stage of West Indian society, it would be difficult to contrive a very exciting series of incidents without the help of a Negro war. Accordingly, the terrible tragedy enacted in an insurrection of the slaves is brought to the aid of the novelist, and has enabled him to throw around his European personages romantic incident, trials, escapes, and terrors, and so to hold the reader breathless with excitement. The same auxiliary permits also of the introduction of characters taken from the natives and from the insurgent slaves, as well as from the French colonists, and thus secures that variety in the actors, which is necessary to sustain the attention through three volumes. Of these ample resources he has availed himself with great skill, and the conflicts, the surprises, the midnight marchings, the bivouacs, the captivities and mysterious agencies by which escapes are secured are so numerous and so cleverly contrived, that the attention never flags for a moment, nor would it be possible to lay the book aside partly read. Its various attractions of this class we could not attempt to enumerate, but we can recommend it to those who are seeking for something not quite "used up" in the way of fiction—something which they have not read fifty times before—a new subject, with new scenes and persons to stimulate the jaded imagination, and the story told in a lively and pleasant style, which never wearies with long descriptions nor prosy conversations—the resource of the uninventive. In short, *Arthur Conway* is just the book for the circulating libraries whose patrons send for the last new novel. They will not be disappointed when this is transmitted to them.

Valetta. A Novel. By the Author of "Denton Hall." In 3 vols. London: Newby. 1851.

"DENTON HALL" was remarkable for *promise*; in this we recognise *progress*. The author has been diligent in self-improvement; he has "heard his detractors and put them to mending." There are in this new endeavour fewer of the besetting sins of inexperience; more of pith and substance. The author is beginning to feel his own strength, to trust himself to his own guidance, to write according to his own way, and not after the manner of others. It is a mistake to say that youth is the

season of originality. We learn to be original, or rather we acquire the courage necessary to be so. All young writers are imitators. They have their models from whom they fear to depart, not being assured whether the world will laugh at them or applaud them. But they must subdue this fear of ridicule if they would accomplish anything great. Every novelty has its foes, and is subjected in turn to abuse and satire. He who cannot bear to be laughed at when he is conscious that he is right will never accomplish anything great.

We are glad to find that *Denton Hall* was successful. *Valetta* will yet more deserve success. It is a more careful and accomplished work; there is more freshness in the conception and vigour in the portraiture of the characters. The author is a shrewd observer and a thinker, and throws in reflections which will have their value with many readers who will store them up unconsciously for use in due season, and which illustrated by instances are more likely to impress themselves upon the memory than when they stand out nakedly, the dry bones of wisdom. Altogether we have derived a good deal of pleasure from *Valetta*, and if the author proceeds with the same perseverance to improve by continued reading and reflection, and to purify style by unsparing correction, he will achieve for himself a distinguished place among the novelists of the time.

Ferdinand Castleton. A Novel. In 3 vols. London: Boone. 1851.

We have some difficulty in dealing with this novel, because there is nothing to be said of it either in praise or blame. It is an average circulating library production, such as the season usually brings to us, and which die with the season, and are forgotten as the last years rose. The author has mingled with the world, has passed through society with his (or her) eyes open, and has moulded his experience into the form of a fiction, so like fifty other fictions in its frame-work, style, and character, that the reader feels himself surrounded by a circle of old familiar faces instead of that which the critic, more hackneyed, desires to see,—new forms and new personages. And this leads us again to notice the prevailing dullness of English novels as compared with those of the French. If our novelists would borrow some of the liveliness of our neighbours without their grossness, and give us smart dialogues, briefer descriptions, and a general briskness in the style of the narrative, they would become much more readable, and probably would revive the popularity of fiction, which has certainly declined of late. It seems to us that the author of *Ferdinand Castleton* has capacities for such an improvement, and we recommend him to make the attempt. Let him eschew dialogues of long sentences, which are not *talk* but *declamation*—which nobody in fact employs in real life,—and substitute brief, sharp, epigrammatic sentences, such as we hear in ordinary discourse, and he may put himself in advance of all his contemporaries. This novel will do very well for seaside reading, but it is not calculated to command the attention of those who must select their books. The author can do better. Let him try.

The Eve of the Deluge. By the Hon. and Rev. H. W. VILLIERS STUART. London: Shoberl. pp. 224.

A POEM in prose. The author's notion is, that mankind had become far advanced in civilization before the Deluge, and that it was a punishment for sins which could only have attained such a height under circumstances somewhat similar to those we now witness. Mr. STUART has constructed a story of considerable interest, and narrated it with singular eloquence, some glowing descriptions of the Deluge being worthy to be called poetry, although not assuming the garb.

The Young Doctor. A Novel. By the Author of "Lady Granard's Nieces." In 3 vols. London: Newby.

A NOVEL of average merit. It has no striking features, either in plot, character, or composition. The materials of which the plot is woven have been employed a thousand times before; the characters are to be found upon every shelf of the circulating library; and the composition is neither good nor bad—just such as any educated person would write. Positive faults are few: the most palpable is a singular habit into which the author has fallen of endeavouring to give spirit to dialogues, by the addition of adjectives to the speaker. Thus, in a single page, we find the following:—"answered ANNIE, calmly enough;" "rejoined his lordship, rather hastily;" "replied she, gently;" "said carelessly;" "rejoined ANNIE, very quietly;" "asked his lordship, in a piqued tone." And this page is but a fair specimen. The author must abjure this and similar commonplaces before he can hope to become anything more than that very undesirable hanger-on upon the skirts of literature, a caterer for the lowest class of patrons of the inferior circulating libraries. Far better to be un-

known than to be known for nothing better. Mere mediocrity is less endurable than positive badness, and it is quite time that all who have an influence over public opinion should set themselves to put down the mediocrity with which the press is deluged and the public disgusted, to the infinite damage of our literature. We have an actual craving for something either better or worse than the mass of inanity with which the press is flooded.

The Game of Life. By LEITCH RITCHIE. London: Sims and McIntyre.

ANOTHER addition to "The Parlour Library." It is one of Mr. RITCHIE's best works.

Gowrie. By G. P. R. JAMES. Sims & McIntyre.

ONE of the volumes of the cheap and popular "Parlour Library," where a novel may be bought for little more than the cost of borrowing it.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

A Little Book of Songs and Ballads, gathered from Ancient Music Books, MS. and Printed. By E. F. REMBAULT, LL.D. London: J. R. Smith. pp. 221.

A CURIOUS volume has been made by Mr. REMBAULT out of the rhymes which he has found in ancient music books, for these probably better represent the popular tastes of their time than do the works of the more aspiring poets who wrote for a select class of readers. Necessarily such a collection, made without reference to intrinsic merit in the compositions, is very various in worth, and addresses itself rather to our curiosity than our taste; but it will be acceptable to those who like to preserve the manners of the past, and even in writing its history a reference to this volume might not be useless.

RELIGION.

The Law of Kindness. By the Rev. THOMAS PYNE, A.M., Incumbent of Hook, Surrey. London: Gilpin.

FEW of our readers are or ought to be ignorant of a delightful book published in America, and republished here, entitled "Illustrations of the Law of Kindness." We reviewed it at very great length, and had the pleasure of being informed that it was indebted to that review for a very extensive circulation. Mr. PYNE states that he had written this volume before that was published, and therefore that the extraordinary similarity of the subject and manner of treatment, is an accidental coincidence. But even if it had not been so, the volume before us would deserve a very wide circulation, for its purpose is the truly Christian one of proving by facts that men, whether as individuals or as nations, are best managed by the law of love, and that kindness is more effective than severity, and that a soft word will turn away wrath which blows will only provoke. The instances are selected from the whole range of ancient and modern history, and from the persons and events about us, and the appeal is also made to our experience. Indeed, to hold otherwise, would be to deny Christianity, which is the embodiment of the law of love, and yet, although acknowledging it with their lips, how few really prove themselves true believers by acting upon it in practice. The purpose of this volume is to prove that it is as practicable as it is theoretically true; as much to be done as preached; a rule of conduct as well as a profession.

It ought to be reprinted at a nominal price and sent into every household for daily reading.

Leaves of the Tree of Life. By Rev. ROBERT FRASER. Edinburgh: Paton & Co.

READINGS for the intervals between the hours of divine service, containing pious reflections usually appropriate to the season.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Materials for Translating from English into German. By A. HEIMANN, Ph. D., Professor at University College. London: Nutt. 1851. pp. 210.

A FEW weeks ago we noticed Dr. HEIMANN's *Fifty Lessons on the Elements of the German Language*, a concurrent grammar and exercise book, affording the readiest and directest aid to the student in each stage of his progress, and specially framed to lead early to habits of familiar conversation. The present volume is designed as a preparation to that more advanced point—written composition in, or translation into, German. It consists of a variety of extracts, anecdotes, letters, &c., with a copious vocabulary at the foot of the page, and brief notes much to the purpose to meet any case of difficulty. Dr. HEIMANN's plan is to save the translator the trouble,

not unmixed with embarrassment, felt in the use of a dictionary; and a careful inspection of the book satisfies us that the student who goes through these materials, with occasional reference, it may be, to a prefixed series of more simply grammatical exercises, will find that not only this object, but also the main purpose of the book, is carefully provided for. The extracts are good English, well selected, and not chargeable with tediousness in either subject or length. As a sequel to the "Lessons" referred to, and to Dr. HEIMANN's "Lesebuch" and Grammar (a studiously considered recast of an already standard work) we think this publication will most suitably complete the circle of German educational study.

Introductory Lessons in the French Language. By C. J. DELILLE. London: Groombridge.

A SECOND edition of a little book which appears very clearly to convey to learners the peculiarities of the French language.

Sacred History. Edited by H. WHITE. Edinburgh: OLIVER AND BOYD.

A SHORT sacred history for the use of schools. Mr. WHITE has narrated it in a manner likely to interest children, and therefore to imprint it on their memories.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Specimens of Newspaper Literature, with Personal Memoirs, Anecdotes, and Reminiscences. By JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM. 2 vols. Boston: Little and Brown. (a)

It has often occurred to us, while looking over the files of ancient newspapers in the rooms of the Historical Society, how valuable an acquisition might be made for our historical literature by some person of skill and sagacity, who should abstract from these old repositories of forgotten things, the really memorable and distinctive anecdotes they contain of past times. How many traits of manners might be thus revived, quaint anecdotes of superannuated habits, small beginnings of a rapidly developing civilization, hints of the lives of our forefathers, to give vitality to the page of history, and cure the grumblers of to-day by the perpetual lesson of complaint and disappointment. Those "good old times" would thus both gain and lose by the process. We should extend our sympathies with them by an almost actual participation in their everyday doings, and find how steady and earnest they were in their pursuits; but in the strife of parties, more strongly divided than any which now exist, we would come upon their quarrels, bitterness, and despair. Your newspaper is a sad corrective of human glorification; every day's issue gives the lie to perfection.

Mr. BUCKINGHAM, the veteran Boston editor, has given us in these volumes such passages of antique newspaper memoirs, almost exclusively from the old revolutionary and ante-revolutionary journals of the "Commonwealth." They are all of them of value. Our newspaper press has been characteristic from the beginning. It has rarely been the growth of moneyed speculation, but has forced its way through poverty and by a struggle from the simple necessities of the people. Its conductors have been for the most part practical men, who have risen from the handling of types at the compositor's stand to the sovereign control of them at the editor's desk.

Their efforts have partaken largely of a certain homely simplicity, of a directness of statement more solicitous about matter than manner, and of a general miscellaneous variety peculiar throughout the world to an American newspaper. In these old journals of New England, *The Courant*, *Weekly Journal*, *Spy*, *Centinel*, *Weekly Museum*, &c., we see the grandfathers of the independent *Deltas*, *Picayunes*, *Tribunes*, of to-day. It is the one form of our literature which seems to have escaped most completely the prevailing mockery of imitation. The American newspaper is not a copy of the *London Times* or *Chronicle*. It has a root and foliage of its

own. The most characteristic American papers have their supporters chiefly in the country at the desk of the village school-master, and the fireside of the farmer, where old native indigenous manners are most resolutely maintained. You will find in the old journals, a little stiff in the joints mayhap, the veteran Prentices, "Straws," "Noggs," &c. of those days—heavy jokers and rhymers, without the lightness and grace of their successors, but jokers and rhymers nevertheless.

The Reminiscences have been chosen mostly for their historical and biographical interest—the gleanings of manners and the material state of society are only casual. But for an appendix to BANCROFT's *History of the Revolution*, or the biographies of SPARKS, or the patriotic *Eloge* of EVERETT, these volumes have a rare and permanent interest for the library. You can see in them how the battle was fought, and how it was won, and how victory was preserved. In this respect the revolutionary newspaper is next to the revolutionary correspondence.

Among these old memoirs the reader comes frequently upon that enterprising publisher and newspaper contractor, ISAIAH THOMAS. His fame is connected with *The Massachusetts Spy*, and his *History of Printing*. He was a persevering lover of American liberty, of the revolutionary stamp, and a printer almost from his cradle. At six years old he was an apprentice to ZECHARIAH FOWLE, and placed on a bench eighteen inches high to compose a ballad in double pica. He began, in Boston, in 1770, *The Spy*, and battled with the tories, to escape from them with his types to Worcester, on the day of the battle of Lexington. There he proclaimed his paper "an American Oracle of Liberty," and spite of all interruptions continued the journal to the present century. It is still published at Worcester, and is the oldest paper in Massachusetts. The portrait of THOMAS, prefixed to the volume, is a shrewd looking head, with something of the conscious dignity worn by the men of the Revolution.

The printing of English books in newspaper form has some early precedents. At the conclusion of the war of the Revolution, *The Massachusetts Spy* reprinted for its readers the whole of ROBERTSON's *History of America*. In 1725 *The New England Courant* reprinted *The Life of Jonathan Wild*, we presume FIELDING's.

The *Courant* was FRANKLIN's paper, immortal in the Autobiography, the property of his brother. It was a spicy sheet, as we say now-a-days, a kind of "Chronotype" among the respectabilities of the day, calling down upon itself the clerical wrath of Dr. Increase Mather. There was some capital quizzing and satire in the essays of "Mrs. Dogood."

BENJAMIN RUSSELL, the Federalist editor of *The Centinel*, was a memorable name of the old Massachusetts press. He began with the beginning of the Revolution, and lingered till a few years. He patriotically published the official documents of the First Congress, and sent his bill to the Government receipted, as he had promised. WASHINGTON replied, "This must not be. When Mr. RUSSELL offered to publish the laws without pay, we were poor. It was a generous offer. We are now able to pay our debts. This is a debt of honour, and must be discharged." A few days after, RUSSELL received a check for seven thousand dollars, the full amount of his bill.

This RUSSELL, like FRANKLIN, in his apprenticeship was a contributor by stealth to his employer's paper, and set up his own paragraphs. One day he changed a word or two of one of these compositions, and was threatened by ISAIAH THOMAS (it was the *Massachusetts Spy*) with corporeal punishment for such an invasion of the honourable duties of the office.

A paragraph or two of *The Centinel* may interest the reader:

BALLOONS IN 1784.

The taste for Air Balloon matters has grown to such

(a) We are indebted for this notice of a new American book, to the Editor of *The New York Literary World*.

an extraordinary pitch, that nothing can pretend to have any intrinsic value in it, unless it has this name as an appendage. The gentlemen and ladies upon *bon ton* are not the only objects that can boast of this aerial bombastic insignia to their ornaments; as a countryman was heard to say one day last week,—"Fine Balloon String Beans!" July 14, 1784.

It must afford pleasure to every ingenious mind, when it reflects on the avidity with which the experiment on Balloons is seized by almost all ranks and denominations. The advancement of philosophy will most assuredly receive the assistance and applause of every friend to science, which will stimulate our enterprising geniuses to exert their abilities in the execution of some capital performance in this way, that will do honour to the invention, and add reputation to the town. March 30, 1785.

SHAKING QUAKERS.

Died at Nesqueuna, about three weeks since, the woman, who has been at the head of the sect called Shaking Quakers, and has assumed the title of the Elect Lady. What is extraordinary, a brother of hers, who was one of their principal elders, died the same week and of the same disorder. They were taken with inward bleeding, and died suddenly. It is not improbable that the manner of worship, practised by those extravagant enthusiasts, might conduce to a rupture of the vessels, and occasion this mode of dissolution; as many of their ceremonies require such unnatural distortions, and continued agitations of every limb and muscle, as must shock the strongest constitution; and the texture of the human body is too delicate to render it a fit habitation for such violent and disorderly spirits. We hope these instances of untimely death, in those who deemed themselves immortal, will induce others, who adopt this gymnastic religion, to compare the danger of ruining their constitutions with the benefit which may arise to their souls from such violent exercise.

October 2, 1785.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

It was about this time (perhaps a little earlier) that the celebrated Monsieur Talleyrand, who afterwards acted so prominent a part in the negotiations between the French Directory and the Envoys of the United States, was in Boston, and frequently visited the editor of *The Centinel*. Louis Philippe and one of his brothers were also there at the same time. Louis was introduced to Russell by Talleyrand. The French exiles lived with another French exile, or emigrant, a tailor, by the name of Amblard, who kept a shop at the corner of State-street and Wilson's-lane, where the Globe Bank now stands. They were frequent frequent visitors at *The Centinel* office, and especially on the occasion of every fresh arrival from Europe, to learn the news from their country. Russell had regular files of *The Moniteur*, the official journal of the Directory, which to these exiles was peculiarly interesting. At one of these visits, they observed Russell taking snuff from a parcel in a bit of brown paper, and asked him if he had no other snuff-box. He replied, he could not afford a better. The next day Talleyrand brought a gold one and presented to him. "This (said Russell) I kept many years. It suddenly vanished; by what agency I never knew; but suspected that my better half popped it into the crucible." While he resided in Boston, Louis Philippe opened a school for teaching the French language, and received his pupils at the house of Amblard. As an acknowledgment of the civilities he had received from Russell, he presented to him an *Atlas*, and a French work on Geography. The *Atlas* was of great service to Russell. It was always on his table, and he seldom wrote or published an article concerning the movements of the hostile armies in Europe, without referring to it to authenticate the intelligence.

GERRYMANDERING.

In 1811, when Mr. Gerry was governor of the commonwealth, the Legislature made a new division of the districts for the election of representatives to Congress. Both branches had then a democratic majority. For the purpose of securing a democratic representative, an absurd and singular arrangement of towns in the county of Essex was made to compose a district. Russell took a map of the county, and designated by a particular colouring the towns thus selected. He then hung the map on the wall of his editorial closet. One day, Gilbert Stuart, the celebrated painter, looked at the map, and said the towns, which Russell had thus distinguished, formed a picture resembling some monstrous animal. He took a pencil, and, with a few touches, added what might be supposed to represent claws. "There," said Stuart, "that will do for a salamander." Russell, who was busy with his pen, looked up at the hideous figure, and exclaimed, "Salamander! call it Gerry-mander." The word became a proverb, and for many years was in popular use among the Federalists as a term of reproach to the democratic Legislature, which had distinguished itself by this act of political turpitude. An engraving of the "Gerry-mander" was made,

and hawked about the State, which had some effect in annoying the democratic party.

BENJAMIN EDES was a man of honourable associations in his day. His paper, *The Boston Gazette*, was contributed to by OTIS, HANCOCK, CUSHING, ADAMS, and QUINCY. But the editor survived his correspondents and outlived his subscription list. His story is touchingly told by Mr. BUCKINGHAM:

Benjamin Edes, the senior partner of the firm of Edes and Gill, was born in Charlestown in 1723. I have not been able to obtain any account of his apprenticeship or education. His learning was probably acquired at the common schools in Charlestown or Boston, except that which experience and the native energies of his mind enabled him to obtain. He began business in Boston, in company with John Gill, in 1755. The partnership continued twenty years. He was a man of untiring industry and perseverance. When the revolutionary war began he had accumulated a handsome property, which, if he had been less indulgent to his patriotic propensities, might have afforded him a competent support to the end of his life. He was ever ready to contribute to the necessities of individuals and to the requirements of the public. What he had preserved during the war was lost at its close by the depreciation of the paper currency. After he gave up the publication of *The Gazette*, he continued to work at his business, whenever he could procure employment in the way of *jobbing*. He had several daughters depending for subsistence on the scanty income derived from this precarious source. In the beginning of the year 1800, his old and worn-out types and press were in a small wooden building on the westerly side of Kilby-street, in a chamber over a tin-plate-worker's shop. He removed the miserable remains of founts of letter, from which had been impressed some of the finest patriotic productions, to a house in Temple-street, in which he lived. In 1801, I had occasion to call on him, at his printing-room, and found him at work on a small job at the case, while an elderly female (probably one of his daughters) was at the press, striking off shop-bills. The venerable form of the old man setting types, "with spectacles on nose," and the singular sight of a woman, *beating and pulling* at the press, together with the aspect of destitution that pervaded the whole apartment, presented a scene well adapted to excite sympathy, and to make an impression on the mind, which the vicissitudes of fifty years have not effaced. At length the infirmities of age overcame his physical powers, and the curse of poverty lay heavily on his spirit. Oppressed with years and sickness, neglected and forgotten by those who enjoyed the blessings he had helped to secure, he died in December, 1803, at the age of eighty years.

The New England Weekly Journal was commenced in Boston in 1727, and was a literary affair in its day, having a series of essays emulous of *The Spectator*. These, from the specimens given, appear to have been respectable imitations of the London originals—a dull foretaste of the pleasantries which blossomed on the continent nearly a century later in IRVING and PAULDING's *Salmagundi* and of the gentilities which still linger in the "Lorgnette." The Rev. MATHER BYLES was a poetical contributor to the journal. Mr. BUCKINGHAM preserves a highly complimentary letter, of the fulsome style of eulogy, sent by this gentleman to ALEXANDER POPE, with a copy of his poems. POPE was not a man to be outdone in a compliment, so he quizzed BYLES in his reply, in which he said "that it had been long supposed that the Muses had deserted the British empire, but the reception of this book of Poems had relieved him of his sorrow, for it was evident they had only emigrated to the colonies." BYLES went about showing this letter on every practicable occasion.

Mr. BUCKINGHAM is at a loss to dispose of the well known favourite poem "Tobacco Spiritualized," beginning:

This Indian weed now withered quite,
Though green at noon, cut down at night, &c.

which he finds in *The Essex Journal* of March 16, 1774, and doubtfully intimates as *original* in that newspaper. It was an old poem in the days of the Scottish clergyman, the Rev. RALPH ERSKINE, who flourished between 1685 and 1752, and wrote a continuation to it.

Supplement to Mr. Scrivenor's Railways of the United Kingdom Statistically considered. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

THE Supplement brings down the history of our Railways to the present time from the date of the volume (1849.) Some of the results are curious. There has been a steady increase in the total traffic receipts, but also a steady decline in the average traffic per mile, to the amount of one-third, proving that the new branch lines have not contributed their proportion, and thus revealing the cause of railway depression. The trunk lines are in fact paying for the branches. Is this fair? Wherefore is it so? Obviously because very nearly the same rates of charge have been applied to the line that accommodates a few as to one that accommodates many. The remedy for this is also obvious. Let each line, whether trunk or branch, stand on its own foundation. If the inhabitants from a town, lying out of the main line, want the accommodation of a railway, let them pay for it in proportion to the cost, but do not ask the travellers by the trunk line, who are numerous, nor the proprietors of it, to pay for the line they do not use, to the relief of those who alone do use it. This would be strict justice to the public, and would relieve the shareholders from the depression to which their property has been subjected by the neglect of an arrangement which it is wonderful should have escaped observation at first.

A vast mass of information, useful to shareholders, is compressed into the volume.

The Great Exhibition Prize Essay. By the Rev. J. C. WHISH, M.A. London: Longmans.

THE Rev. J. A. EMERTON, D.D., offered a prize of one hundred guineas for the best essay on the Religious and Moral Effects of the Exhibition. This was the successful competitor. But we fear it will disappoint anticipation. It partakes of the proverbial weakness of prize essays, whose writers are usually more concerned about the manner than the matter. There is no trace of originality of thought; there is not a new idea from the beginning to the end. Respectable common-place is the utmost merit it can claim.

Collins's Map of the Isle of Wight.

A LARGE pocket map on canvass, folded in a case, for the use of tourists. It is very elaborate, indicating every object of interest, every road, and almost every path.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Gentleman's Magazine and Historical Review for June contains a delightful biographical sketch of HARTLEY COLERIDGE, and a very interesting paper entitled "Curiosities of the Old Church Canons." Mr. CUNNINGHAM continues his life of NELL GWYN, of which he has procured so many new particulars. The History of the Month and the valuable Necrology is as careful and copious as ever. Several engravings illustrate it.

The Looker-on, Part I, is a new series of a cheap periodical which we have often before noticed. The essays are tolerable, the poetry good; the tales are somewhat dull. A Paris correspondent gives the chit-chat of the French metropolis, which is the most amusing part of the work. But the mystery is, who buys a publication of this class?

Timethrift, No. III., by Mrs. WARREN, gives some further instructions in lady's work.

Tallis's Dramatic Magazine for June, has a portrait of DOWTON as *Dr. Cantwell*, and an engraving of the MACREADY testimonial. The essays on Dramatic Art, and the copious collection of notices of the doings of the drama in London, in the provinces and abroad must be extremely interesting to all who are connected with it.

Tallis's Illustrated London, Parts X. and XI., continue by far the cheapest and most beautiful work on the subject which has yet been given to the public. Each number contains no less than twelve steel engravings of the most remarkable objects in the metropolis, and as a guide to the visitor it must be very useful.

Familiar Things, No. VI., is an excellent little publication, intended familiarly to "tell us all that we ought to know about objects that are daily presented to the eye. Thus, in this number we have an account of "Pictures;" "the Spider and his Web;" "the Cashmere Shawl;" and "a Cup of Tea."

The Eclectic Review, for June, contains a clever and discriminating review of "the Exhibition, its Contents, its Uses and its Conduct." It is the best sketch of it we have seen. The other papers are on topics of present interest, the Fugitive Slave Bill; the State Church in Ireland; the University Commission; and GILFILLAN's "Bards of the Bible." *The Eclectic* maintains its character for independent thought and spirited composition.

The British Gazetteer, Part XXVI., has a good engraving of the Shakspeare Cliff, and continues the *Gazetteer* to the beginning of the letter S. It is a very copious one.

The Parlour Magazine, Part I., is extraordinary for its cheapness. The idea is excellent. It professes to give translations from the best writers of all nations, so as to familiarize the English mind with foreign literature. To these it adds original contributions, which latter had better be omitted.

The Pictorial Family Bible, Parts V. and VI., continues the publication as far as the Book of Deuteronomy. It is a reprint, with additions, of the famous "Pictorial Bible," but in quarto, richly adorned with notes and illustrations, and amazingly cheap.

Knight's Excursion Companion, Part V., is a traveller's handbook to Woolwich, Rochester, Chatham, Gravesend, Cambridge, Leamington, and Coventry.

Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare, Part XV., contains *Hamlet*, with all Mr. KNIGHT'S notes and pictorial illustrations, very handsomely printed.

Knight's Cyclopædia of Industry, Part VII., advances as far as the word "Meconic Acid."

Half-hours of English History, Part I., is a new and excellent notion of the indefatigable Mr. C. KNIGHT. It is a selection from all the English Historians and Chronicles of passages illustrative of our History, arranged chronologically, giving, in fact, a series of pictures of the times. We can most heartily and confidently recommend it to the attention of our readers. It is one of his cheap publications, but quite a library as well as a reading book.

1851, or *the Adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys*, by HENRY MAYHEW, is not only attractive as a humorous story, but has the still greater attraction of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S very best illustrations, alone worth more than the cost of the whole number.

Willoughby's Standard Edition of Shakspeare, Part II., contains *Cymbeline*. It has engravings and valuable notes by Mr. PHELPS, who has undertaken the Editorship.

The People's and Howitt's Journal for June, has four woodcuts of merit, and a mass of original essays, tales, and poetry, of various character and attractions.

Pictorial Half-hours, by C. KNIGHT. Part XIII. is a collection of Mr. KNIGHT'S valuable woodcuts, with prose and poetical text describing them. There is not a better work for families than this.

Knight's Cyclopædia of London. Part VII. is an abbreviation of his greater work on London. It treats of the London Companies, the Royal Exchange, the Banks and Stock Exchange, and the Guildhall, and Market House.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN LITERATURE.

[It should be stated that the following extracts of remarkable passages from foreign Authors of note are translated purposely for the LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL, and are intended to introduce to English readers the beauties of foreign literature, with notices of the Authors.]

1. *The French*.—They are the only people whose heart is not depraved, or whose courage is not diminished by corruption of manners. They preserve their heroic qualities in the midst of pleasure, of luxury, and of self-indulgence. Their virtues have little persistence, and their vices have no deep root. The character of Alcibiades is not rare in France. The frankness, the natural sincerity of the French, suffer nothing from whatever may render ill-regulated either their imagination or their conduct. Vanity contributes to render them amiable, and the more they think themselves pleasing, the more their affection increases. The frivolity which prevents the development of their talents and virtues, yet preserves them from crimes of an atrocious and deliberate kind. Perfidy is foreign to their nature, and they soon grow tired of intrigue. If odious crimes have sometimes been seen amongst us, they have disappeared rather from the influence of the national character than from the severity of the laws.—*Duclos*.

CHARLES DUCLOS was born at Dinant, in Brittany, in 1704, and died at Paris in 1771. He wrote romances and historical works which acquired considerable celebrity. His chief production, from which the above is an extract, is the *Considerations sur les Mœurs de ce Siècle*. He was one of ROUSSEAU'S most faithful friends, and a man of upright and honourable character.

2. *Study*.—To count as nothing the labours of our early years and begin real and serious study then only when our studies are supposed to have finished; to regard youth, not as an age destined to pleasure and relaxation, but as a time when virtue consecrates to work and application; to neglect the care of property, of fortune, of health even, and make of all which men cherish the most, a worthy sacrifice to the love of science and the ardent desire of acquiring knowledge; to become invisible for a time; to submit to a voluntary captivity and to bury ourselves alive in a profound retreat in order to prepare arms which are always to be victorious; all this is what Demosthenes and Cicero did. Let us

not, then, be astonished at what they have been, but let us cease, at the same time, to be surprised at what we ourselves do to arrive at a glory equal to that which they acquired.—*D'Aguiseau*.

HENRI FRANÇOIS D'AGUESSAU was born at Limoges in 1668, and died in 1751. He was a distinguished lawyer and orator. During the Regency of the Duke of ORLEANS he was named Chancellor of France. His works, mostly on law matters, occupy thirteen volumes.

3. *The Emperors Julian and Marcus Aurelius*.—We see from the whole life of Julian and from some of his works, that his grand ambition was to resemble Marcus Aurelius. If we consider the talents of the two, he had certainly more genius; if we consider their characters, he had more firmness, perhaps, and had less of that kindness which is so readily imposed upon, and which, when excessive, can become a virtue more dangerous than a vice.

But also in many respects Marcus Aurelius was his superior. They were both philosophers, but their philosophy was not the same. That of Marcus Aurelius had more depth, that of Julian more brilliancy, perhaps. The philosophy of the former seemed born with him; it had become a sentiment, a passion, but a passion so much the stronger as it was calmer and needed not the excitements of enthusiasm. The philosophy of the other seemed less a sentiment than a system; it was more ardent than sustained; it was gathered from, and suggested by, reading, and always needed and sought fresh food from the same source. Marcus Aurelius acted and thought in accordance with the promptings of his nature; Julian, in accordance with the principles of the ancient philosophers; he was an imitator.

Julian wanted another characteristic of greatness, that virtue by which the soul, without rising, without descending, without even being conscious of its movements, is what it ought to be, and is so without either ostentation or effort. In this respect he was also inferior to Marcus Aurelius. His manners were simple but his character was not. There was something elaborate and pretentious in his actions and discourses, which seemed less to aim at what was great in itself than to persuade others that he was a great man. Watch his whole career; the passionate love of glory is everywhere visible. He is not satisfied unless he move on a grand theatre and obtain the applause of the spectators. He is angry when that applause is refused. He revenges himself, it is true, more like a man of wit and genius than like a prince who commanded a hundred thousand men; still he revenges himself. He runs after renown, he earnestly solicits it, he flatters in order to be flattered. He wishes to be at the same time Plato, Marcus Aurelius, and Alexander.—*Thomas*.

ANTOINE LEONARD THOMAS was born at Clermont-Ferrant, in 1732, and died near Lyons in 1785. He wrote a good deal of poetry, neither worse nor better than much which the French call poetry, but which no other nation would deem worthy of the name. He is honourably known, however, by his *Eloges*, his *Essai sur les Eloges*, and other prose productions. A complete edition of his works was published at Paris in 1825, in six volumes.

4. Body, soul, and spirit, are the elements of the world, as the epic, the lyrical, and the dramatic are the elements of poetry.—*Novalis*.

FRIEDRICH VON HARDENBERG, known as one of the best German writers under the name of NOVALIS, was born in 1772, and died in 1801, at the early age of twenty-nine. He was a man as remarkable for the nobleness of his character as for the beauty of his genius. His collected works were published in 1802, edited by LUDWIG TIECK and FRIEDRICH SCHLEGEL, with an interesting biography prefixed. They consist of an unfinished romance, *Heinrich Von Ofterdingen*, of poems, of miscellaneous pieces, and of maxims and reflections. An excellent and most genial notice of NOVALIS will be found in CARLYLE'S *Essays*.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC.

NEW MUSIC.

I will Sing for I am Poor. A Sacred Song. By S. S. GREATHEAD. Novello.

THERE is a strange mixture of strength and weakness in the composition before us. A scientifically harmonized and expressive accompaniment supports an air which, without it, is meagre, and bordering on the common-place. Mr. GREATHEAD'S talents, however, are worthy of better verses than those which he has in the present instance selected. A ballad may pass with neatly-rhymed nonsense, but for his sacred music the composer would do well to follow the examples of his great predecessors, whose compositions are almost universally found to be associated with the writings of great poets. A duet, by the same composer, the words from "Lyra Apostolica," is likely to please. The melody is sweet and original, and the style, although simple, free from poverty. We do not hesitate to recommend both Mr. GREATHEAD'S compositions to our musical friends.

Trio for the Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello. Composed by SPOHR. Arranged by CHARLES E. STEPHENS. Schott.

THE compositions of LOUIS SPOHR, familiar to all musicians, need little comment. The trio on our table is admirably arranged.

Musical and Dramatic Chit Chat.

THE Viennese newspapers record the complete success, at the Imperial Opera, of an English vocalist, Miss Rafter, formerly of Drury-lane Theatre, who made a recent appearance and achieved a decided impression in *La Figlia del Reggimento*.—The thirty-fourth anniversary of the Drury-lane Theatrical Fund, founded by David Garrick, 1766, for the relief and support of indigent and decayed members of Her Majesty's company of comedians, their widows and children, was held on Wednesday at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen-street, Benjamin Bond Cabell, Esq., M.P., in the Chair. About 200 gentlemen sat down to the dinner, which included every delicacy of the season. The subscriptions amounted to between 400 and 500l.—M'Elevey, the tailor, who bought the prize-ticket to Jenny Lind's first concert in Cincinnati, is one of the few men in the world who are as sharp as Barnum. The way he worked things was this: for some days before the concert he went around among his friends betting ten dollars with this one, and with that one, and so on, until he had one thousand dollars bet that he would buy the prize-ticket. The ticket was knocked down to him at 575 dollars, thus leaving him 425 dollars in pocket.—The first violin ever made was constructed in Italy, about the year 1600; but those which are esteemed by musical men as most valuable, were manufactured by the family of A. and J. Amati, at Cremona, in the year 1650. The violin was first introduced into concerts about two hundred years ago, and when first played upon, it was pronounced a humbug, never capable of being used with any success.

ART JOURNAL.

The Art Journal, for June, is even more extraordinary than its predecessor. Besides its usual contents, the engravings from the Vernon Gallery of WYATTS' *Fair Sleeper* and LANCE'S *Red-cap*; FOLEY'S *Statue of Innocence*, and illustrations of the Great Masters of Art, CLAUDE being the subject of this one, the Supplement containing the Illustrated Catalogue of the Exhibition, is a perfect marvel. No less than 260 wood-cuts, in the first style of the art, embellish this record of the great event of our time, and this is prefaced by an Essay on the Science of the Exhibition, by Mr. ROBERT HUNT. It is vastly superior to the Official Catalogue.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[THIRD NOTICE.]

WE will recommence our observations on this exhibition with the works of Mr. DAVID ROBERTS, R.A., who sends four pictures, No. 14, *Interior of the Church of St. Ann, at Bruges*, a very fine example of the masterly and fascinating manner in which the artist renders the interiors of so many continental churches. This picture possesses even more than those usual qualities of breadth and truthfulness we expect from him; the groups of figures are admirable in appropriateness as accessories, and may suggest many ideas which a less prolific designer would work out. No. 158, *The High Altar of St. Jacques, at Bruges*. This, also, is very powerful, and displays a brilliancy of white colour very seldom ventured upon. No. 370, *Chapel in the Church of St. Jean, at Caen*, contains a specimen of the French flamboyant window which is very elegant in design. In No. 464, Mr. ROBERTS takes us to Syria, *The Surprise of the Caravan*, a very large picture, displays a scene by no means unfrequent in Palestine. Six lonely columns in the wilderness, half their length in shadow from some unseen object, stand surrounded by fragments of gorgeous architecture; friezes, entablatures, broken columns, and portions of coffering, which have recently afforded a shelter to the Arabs, who rush out on the caravan, the confusion of which last on the sudden attack is shown in every portion of the line now broken, and flying hither and thither. The design of the latter portion alone is well worthy of observation, while the fragments of architecture and the landscape, which are elaborately wrought out, present us with a perfect representation of the scene. With Mr. ROBERTS we always associate Mr. STANFIELD, not from any similarity of subject, but from a style of execution which seems to us in many respects common to both. The latter has four pictures here, No. 48, *Near Monken-dam on the Zuyder Zee*. An evening effect on a quiet Dutch water, a barge being slowly propelled up the stream. The water tints are good, though by no means so like nature as those the artist presents us with in a very different scene. *The Great Tor, Orzic Bay, South Wales* (743.) In this we have the rough Welsh coast after a breeze; the waves fall heavily on the shore, and are shown drawing backwards and rising, with wonderful truth and power. The tints on the

water are most admirable. We would specially point out the hollow of the wave that has just curled up and is about to break in the foreground. The hill-side and rocks are also shown with the greatest fidelity. No. 435, *Arco di Trajano, Ancona*, is another coast scene, of a different character; it has the usual excellences of Mr. STANFIELD'S Italian coast pictures, with, we think, a little more of an artificial glassy look than is to be approved of. His great work this year is No. 196, *The Battle of Roveredo*, 1796, represents one of Napoleon's earliest successes with the Army of the Directory. It is, as is customary with Mr. STANFIELD, rather a view of nature, with man as a subordinate, than a picture of action. The mountain town of Roveredo, overlooked by the Alps, is here shown as being entered by the French troops; crowds of various figures conduct the attack and defence, and, in their arrangement, show much inventive power. The landscape portion displays Mr. STANFIELD'S ordinary skill and attractive power, but in spite of the action in this picture, and its many great qualities, we prefer the smaller one, 743, to any of his works this year has produced.

Mr. CRESWICK sends also four paintings, No. 22, *Over the Hills and far away*. One of the artist's pictures of quiet mountain scenery, hills and woods, with a stream in the foreground. It reminds us forcibly of the "Glenfinlas," in the British Institution this year. No. 147 has the painter's usual excellent qualities. No. 225, *The Valley Mill*. An overshot water-mill, painted with somewhat less care than we look for in such small works. The sky is most decidedly woolly. No. 416, *Over the Sands*, represents the passage of a mail-coach, by a coast road. The sky is a very delicious piece of nature, and we can hardly give sufficient praise to the landscape itself.

Mr. REDGRAVE, whom we should be much happier to consider as a landscape than as an historical painter, has two, which present remarkable facilities for a comparison of his success in both branches of art, though the historical picture, No. 229, *The Flight into Egypt: Mary Meditating on the Prophecy of Simeon*, is far above the average in merit of the painter's attempts in high art, yet even this does not give the subject with sufficient impressiveness and earnest feeling. Mary, who sustains the Saviour on her lap, reposes in a graceful attitude of sitting, her head fixed, the eyes lost in fancy; but the expression is not to us sufficiently energetic in reflection: it seems rather that of dreaming than the abandonment of over-weighing thought, and the concentrateness produced by the regarding of an awful future. The other picture, No. 443, *A Poet's Study*. A scene from nature, and truly one too,—is said to have been a favourite spot with WORDSWORTH, COLERIDGE, and SOUTHEY, who, often sat here together for hours. It represents a little glen overarched with trees and a narrow stream running among their roots. The trees, and every morsel of the picture, is painted with a truth and masterly care, which leaves anything but praise out of the question in speaking of it.

Mr. DANNY sends three, Nos. 335, 581, 622; the first, *Winter—Sunset—a Slide*, is a delightful picture of frost, the setting sun and mists rising round the distance, with the long lines of players, the gradations of whom, as they recede, is beautiful, so are the bare trees and hardened earth. The second, *A Ship on Fire—Calm Moonlight, far at Sea*, is most impressive; we have the still ocean, on which rests the heavily-laden ship; slight rolling swells pass through the water, just enough to break the long track of the reflection of the broad moonlight; the windward side of the vessel is in one blaze of fire, while far through the sky goes the heavy smoke, half obscuring the moon, which shows luridly through the dispersing cloud; above are the quiet stars, and below the quiet sea; down on the horizon are sharp angular-shaped clouds like icebergs, seemingly piled on the waters. It is a most admirable picture as regards painting, though one thing struck us regarding probabilities, that while there is wind sufficient to drift off the thick smoke, we should expect there would be also enough to bring the head round to the wind, and not allow her to present a broadside to it; the rigging, which is bare, and the hull alone would be sufficient for this purpose in our ideas. As a picture this cannot be praised too highly, either for its execution or the impressiveness of its sentiment. The last, No. 622, *A Summer Sunset*, well sustains the character of its painter.

Mr. LEE contributes six works, Nos. 55, 120, 389, 645, landscapes, painted by himself alone, and Nos. 375 and 610, in conjunction with Mr. SYDNEY COOPER. Of the first four we can only say that we have seen much better landscapes by the artist; they exhibit (with perhaps the exception of No. 120, in which the trees are excellently painted and the sky is well worthy of praise), a common-place kind of character, with much that is objectionable in execution, a coarse and heavy hotness in the shadows very unlike nature. No. 645 also, though cold and hard, has much of the look of nature, yet none of the brilliancy of sunlight. Of the latter two, in which Mr. SYDNEY COOPER paints the animals, we think the landscape is superior to those just mentioned, and contains much to admire. Of the last-mentioned artist's proper works there are four: let us say that they present his usual excellencies and general characteristics, though on the whole somewhat less finished than his previous works. No. 676, *Spring Time*, we should specially point out as having the cattle painted most admirably to the truth of nature.

Mr. WEBSTER sends three, Nos. 156, 108, and 173; the first, *A Chimney Corner*; an old man reading by the light of a little window in a nook; the head is excellent, though the flesh generally seems less finished than usual, the effect of the whole is capital and well from nature, though rather weak, as is common with the painter. No. 108, *Attraction*, a little picture of a child looking at an Italian vagabond who carries guinea pigs and mice, a picture which is singularly unpleasant to us from the extreme ordinariness and conventionality of its design, and the mannerisms and weakness of its execution. No. 173, *A Portrait of Mrs. Thompson*; the head of an old lady whose face, though exhibiting much character, is painted with those beady eyes and that fruity kind of complexion which we fear is now a necessity of Mr. WEBSTER'S style. We remember a portrait of a little girl a year or two ago in the Academy, a small whole-length, of a child in white, which was most exquisite, and left nothing to be desired. Why does not Mr. WEBSTER persevere in the style of that which was far more severe and natural than what he sends this year or did the last?

Mr. HOOK, A.R.A., a newly-elected associate, sends two, No. 361, *Rescue of the Brides of Venice*, a brilliant picture in the style of the Annuals, with much grace and prettiness, and very little finish or care. No. 535, *The Defeat of Shylock* is but a sketch, in which the figures generally appear to want a knowledge of each other's presence in the scene; and where they have that, it is too obviously forced upon them.

No. 561, from TENNYSON'S *Mariana*, by Mr. MILLAIS, is one of a series of pictures which attract great attention. It represents Mariana rising from her broidery frame, wearied, and with life itself palling upon her from the sense of utter loneliness. She rises to her height, bending backwards; her face is a masterpiece of executive power; her dress, which is blue, of a depth and brilliancy we never saw equalled, contrasts with the low seat from which she has risen, of a rich red-orange colour; in front, a window with painted glass, and the embroidery work itself, with an oratory, and its lamp burning in the dark shadow—form altogether a vigorous piece of painting, unsurpassed by any in the rooms. The same artist's picture, No. 651, *The Return of the Dove to the Ark*, two females caressing the messenger of release. This painting presents a most astonishing contrast with its neighbours from the wonderful vigour and depth of its colour, and the peculiarity it obtains from an intensity of value and propriety in that respect.

The face of the figure kissing the dove is very beautiful and perfect in expression: so is the modelling of the drapery. Mr. MILLAIS'S third work, and, in our opinion, the best of them all is, No. 799, *The Woodman's Daughter*, from a poem by COVENTRY PATMORE. It represents a boy, the son of a rich squire, offering fruit to the daughter of a labourer. His head—a miracle of noble beauty and expression—is wonderful. He stands, half in proud shyness, twisting a stick into the heel of his shoe, while leaning against a tree. The landscape, which is painted as, we think, a landscape was never painted before, for extraordinary finish, not only as respects the introduction of a multitude of detail, but from the surprising truth and strictness, with extreme beauty, which it presents. Every weed and every leaf, with their extraordinary variety of texture and form—surface of every quality—and, what we never saw so successfully depicted before—every variety of value, as respects solidity, which is very seldom attempted even, is here given with a truth which is marvellous. The scene is a wild fir plantation, so the reader may readily imagine the wonderful variety of objects and qualities produced, and every one with the utmost fidelity to nature. The light—broad sunlight—was never equalled perhaps in art before, unless by Mr. HOLMAN HUNT'S *Valentine Rescuing Sylvia from Proteus* (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act v. s. 4.) A noble picture, of every solid quality—vigorous, earnest, and truthfully painted, with a force and stern correctness of execution, combined with great elegance, such as no other work can show. We have to congratulate Mr. HUNT on his great improvement since last year, especially in colour. The black velvet cloak worn by Proteus is surprising for its resemblance to nature, and we think that there is not a finer painted piece of drapery in the exhibition than the sleeve of Sylvia. The latter, on her knees by the feet of Valentine, receives protection from Proteus, whose expression of action and face is admirable. The head of Valentine is very noble and faithful; his costume powerfully and truly painted, especially the armour portions of it. Julia, who leans against a tree, has a beautifully expressive head. The background—an autumn scene in a beech wood, we wish especially to notice as an admirable transcript from nature.

Mr. FORD BROWN sends a large picture, No. 380, and has presented us with what is indeed an admirable work—*Geoffrey Chaucer reading the "Legend of Custance" to Edward III.* The action supposed is the reading of the well known and beautiful passage, beginning,—

Hire litel child lay weeping on hire arm,
And, kneeling pitously to him, she said,
"Fees, litel sonne, I wold do thee no harm."

The action of the reader is most natural. The king listens with a very characteristic expression. The Black Prince, who is represented as in his last illness, is well designed, and most feelingly conceived. The

picture, which is made up of a considerable number of figures, exhibits great power of execution, much capacity for the representation of beauty, and a singular power of choice in the variety of character—a rare attainment, for very few pictures have so much of that admirable quality as this.

Mr. COLLINS'S work, *Convent Thoughts*, No. 493, a nun in a garden, looking thoughtfully at a bloom of the passion flower. The idea suggested, which is most extremely beautiful and touching, is admirably expressed by the face of the nun. Her drapery is well painted, so is every portion of the picture, especially a pool, by which she is standing, with some water lilies in it. The flesh is also beautiful in drawing and colour. We think, however, that the right hand of the nun is a little too large, and the whole of the picture rather flat, and wanting gradation of colour and half-tint. We must not forget, in looking at this, that the subject is an invention (a most beautiful one it is), as well as the design which expresses it, and allow Mr. COLLINS no small credit for a highly poetical imagination.

Mr. RUSKIN'S letter to *The Times*, which was reprinted in a previous number of this journal, relating to these last mentioned pictures, calls, we think, for some remark. While allowing a very high degree of merit, he attributes a "Tractarian and Romanist tendency" to them—an assertion, we imagine, scarcely worthy of that most talented and eloquent writer, whose works have done so much to assert the true dignity and mission of art. We must, with great deference, protest against the assumption of this tendency as being found in these works, particularly as relates to the artists themselves, for we all know that our good Protestant, Mr. BULL, is extremely apt to take these phrases as a portion of the red rag of Popery, and, confounding the painter with his work, to toss both into the air. Stick but those words upon a man, and, shocked and terrified, our excellent John rends up the ground, and goes at once. We do not even see that painting a nun in a convent garden (this is the only point which can possibly have connection with the remark) has necessarily a "Romanist or Tractarian tendency." No one, we fancy, will imagine her thoughts can be purely in human happiness, or that depicting such a subject is a recommendation to any young lady at the exhibition to go and do likewise. Surely there is no false sentiment or affectation in the picture, or the choice of the subject. The toilet table, with its triptich and burning lamp, in Mr. MILLAIS'S *Mariana*, does not appear to us to convey anything of an "idolatrous" precept, or to be otherwise than within the limits of propriety, which every artist is allowed in the introduction of accessories. In both cases the moral seems to be rather a warning from a purposeless and idle existence, than a recommendation of such.

Mr. ARMITAGE, whose wonderful *Aholibah* last year, drew such universal admiration, sends one picture, No. 631, *Sampson Grinding the Corn of the Philistines*. Sampson, who is bound to the mill, is an admirable piece of design and artistic execution. About Mr. ARMITAGE'S painting there is always a high quality of appropriate incident and action, characteristic of the time and place of his subject. We will instance the figure kneeling with a whip, in the centre, and the spectators around the scene of degradation; also the entire arrangement, and the colour, which show intense feeling for the highest points of design, with deep consideration of the subject.

We have to congratulate Mr. FRANK STONE upon a most surprising improvement in his work this year (No. 606), *A Scene from the Merchant of Venice—Bassanio receiving the Letter announcing Antonio's Losses and Peril*. Although a manly style of execution, and great care is not exhibited here, yet there is much feeling, and several points of design worthy of great praise. The colour is also much better than we ever remember to have seen in Mr. STONE'S works. Several of the female heads are very beautiful, and if the hands were more carefully drawn, and vigorously studied, this picture, in spite of a showy and meretricious method of working, would be one of the best in the rooms.

Mr. WOLF, the most perfect of bird painters—witness his *Eagle's Throne*, in the British Institution this year—has sent a picture, *The Falcon's Nest* (No. 825), for which we think a better place was deserved than the Miniature Room; it possesses all his exquisite power of finish, and intimate knowledge of the animal represented. We recommend its careful observation to all.

LAURA SAVAGE.

Talk of the Studios.

A PICTURE, painted by Sir David Wilkie, has arrived at Liverpool by a vessel from New Orleans. This picture, which is called *Graces before Meat*, was painted by this great artist to the order of a gentleman in America, in whose possession it has until now remained.—The celebrated collection of pictures at Castle Howard, the seat of the Earl of Carlisle, including *The Marys* by Annibal Caracci, one of the most renowned pictures in the world, will, it is said, be immediately brought to London to be exhibited, by permission of its noble proprietor, at the gallery of the British Institution, during the next six months.—The collection of engravings, the property of Joseph Maberly, Esq., known by his work called *The Print Collector*, has just made a five-days' sale at Messrs.

Sotheby and Wilkinson's; and have sold well—realizing 3,500*l.*, or a sum within 300*l.* of what he is reported to have paid for them. The strength of the collection lay in the Albert Dürers, the Rembrandts and the Claudes.—The following circular has just been issued by the Marquis of Westminster:—"The Marquis of Westminster presents his compliments to —, and regrets that, owing to the numerous applications he daily receives from persons desirous to view the pictures at Grosvenor House, he is compelled to limit the orders for admission. It gives him pleasure to furnish with these admissions his personal acquaintances, as well as those who have any means of an introduction to Lord Westminster.—Grosvenor House, May 30."—Three drawings representing interior views of the Crystal Palace, made on the spot by Mr. Joseph Nash, have been lately on private exhibition at Messrs. Dickinson's in New Bond-street.—Paul Weber, at Philadelphia, has just finished the picture selected by Chapman Biddle, Esq., for the prize of 100 dollars drawn at the last distribution. The subject is *Sunset on Lake Chiem in the Tyrol*, and is said to be a fine work of art.—The Mayor of Limoges is about to place bronze plates, with appropriate inscriptions, on the houses in that town in which the Chancellor d'Aguesseau, Marshal Jourdan, and Marshal Bugeaud were born.—The monument so long in preparation to illustrate the memory of the Great Frederick, has been inaugurated with royal ceremonial at Berlin.—The large canvass upon which Horace Vernet has represented an episode of the siege of Rome, in 1848, by the French army, is already covered by this great painter. The scene represents the downfall of that day, and the attack of a bastion along the Tiber. It will be exhibited next year at the *Exposition de Peinture*.

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.—The following is a list of the principal pictures purchased by the prizeholders up to the present time:—"Don't be afraid—you shan't fall," J. Tennant (from S. B. A.) 15*l.* 10*s.*; "The Diversion of the Moccoletti," R. McInnes (R. A.) 136*l.* 10*s.*; "Bonville, on the road from Geneva," J. D. Harding (R. A.) 89*l.* 5*s.*; "Dorothea," J. G. Middleton (N. I.) 84*l.*; "Who's there?" T. H. Maguire (R. A.) 80*l.*; "Scene in Glen Gleg," T. M. Richardson (W. C. S.) 73*l.* 10*s.*; "Lady Jane Grey," J. G. Middleton (N. I.) 70*l.*; "Seven for Sixpence," J. F. Herring (S. B. A.) 70*l.*; "Landscape and Cattle," G. Cole (S. B. A.) 52*l.* 10*s.*; "A Scene in Knowlepark," W. F. Witherington (R. A.) 60*l.*; "Stacking the Autumn Hay Crop," G. A. Williams (N. I.) 60*l.*; "Poor Mariners," T. Danby (B. I.) 60*l.*; "Heidelberg on the Neckar," F. V. De Fleury (R. A.) 50*l.*; "Arcadians," G. Patten, A. R. A. (R. A.) 50*l.*; "Above Richmond, Yorkshire," J. W. Allen (S. B. A.) 50*l.*; "Saturday Night," T. Clater (S. B. A.) 50*l.*; "View of the Black Mountain, Bredalbane," Copley Fielding (W. C. S.) 52*l.* 10*s.*; "Entrance to Burlington Quay," A. Clint (S. B. A.) 40*l.*; "Bull's Close, Edinburgh," J. Drummond (B. I.) 40*l.*; "Tower on the Vrydag's Market at Ghent," W. Callow (W. C. S.) 40*l.*; "Interior of a Highland Cottage," J. H. Mole (N. W. C. S.) 31*l.* 10*s.*; "On the road from Foligno Spello," W. Oliver (R. A.) 25*l.*; "The View Holloa," G. Morley (R. A.) 20*l.*; "Highland Peat Gatherers," J. H. Mole (N. W. C. S.) 26*l.* 5*s.*; "Cattle on the Moors," G. Cole (S. B. A.) 20*l.*; "Near Stockbridge," G. Cole (S. B. A.) 20*l.*; "The Village Smithy," G. Dodgson (W. C. S.) 20*l.*; "Near Crawley, Surrey," J. W. Allen (S. B. A.) 20*l.*—*Builder*.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

Drury Lane..... *Ingomar, the Barbarian*.
Princess's *The Duke's Wager*.
Haymarket *Good Night, Sir*.
Adelphi *Good Night, Signor Pantaloni*.

WHEN the bills of HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE bore the announcement that Mlle. CRUVELLI would appear as *Norma*, various were the conjectures formed as to the probability of her success in the character. So great and deserved was the enthusiasm that greeted her charming singing, and no less perfect acting in *Fidelio*, that some of her admirers almost feared, that should her second performance fail in the slightest degree of being as perfect as her first, there would be a general cry of "mere prestige of a first appearance," "never do to last," emanating from the mouths of that delightful class of Her Majesty's subjects, who consider it highly derogatory to their dignity to confess that they have been pleased or amused by anything, and who, according to a modern writer, "might as well have been born caterpillars" for any animation that they show. Such dampers, however, were not destined to fall on the reputation of *The CRUVELLI*; she has passed the ordeal scathless, she has borne comparison with, and taken her place among, the great ones who have expressed in song the many varied passions that so rapidly succeed each other in the breast of the High Priestess. *The Norma* of Mlle. CRUVELLI is as perfect as her *Fidelio*, though I need not remark that the music she has to sing is far inferior. Her acting throughout the opera was all that could be imagined; in the scene with her children, particularly, she threw an intensity

of feeling worthy of RACHEL. PARDINI sang the music of *Polio* with great taste and judgment, though I cannot say that he either looked or acted the part to perfection. Madame GIULIANI was the *Adelgisa*, and sang with her usual care and correctness. The entertainments on the extra nights have been various and brilliant—*Massaniello*, *Le Tre Nozze*, *Don Giovanni*. The last act of *Lucia*, with CAROLINE DUPREZ, and various attractions in the ballet department.

At COVENT GARDEN they are (I think) pursuing a very absurd plan. No sooner is an opera produced at Her Majesty's, than we see it advertised at the rival house within the week. This may be very fair opposition, but I should doubt the policy. If the operas were entirely different, they would each command an audience; as it is, no one will go to see *Fidelio* at the Royal Italian Opera, because it is better done at Her Majesty's, or *vice versa*, as regards other operas. With the majority of our visitors variety will be the great charm, and were the rival houses to take a different line of entertainment, they would each come in for a share of that support which, according to the present system of management, can only be accorded to one or the other. *The Norma* of GRISI, as far as her acting is concerned, seems grander every time she appears; but her vocal execution is perceptibly impaired. If the public wish to hear *Norma* they must go to CRUVELLI. The re-appearance of TAMBORINI was as welcome as it was unexpected: he certainly gives one more the idea of *Don Giovanni* than any other artist I have seen. COLETTI's performance, as far as truth and tone of vocalisation goes, is superior to TAMBORINI's recent efforts, but there is a lightness and vivacity in his conception of the libertine in which COLETTI entirely fails.

DRURY LANE, after having been closed for a fortnight, has re-opened with a drama in five acts, entitled *Ingomar, the Barbarian*. It is, I believe, a translation of a German play, and has for its moral the effect of love and poetry in taming the rudeness of the barbarian. To say that there are not many good points in this play would be harsh—to say that it is a good play would be untrue. Were the good parts more concentrated, that is to say, were the play cut down into two or three acts, it would be amazingly improved. As it is, it is too long. There is no great charm in five: many an otherwise good play is spoiled by "spinning out," in order that it may run to that mystic number of acts. The whole success of *Ingomar* depends entirely on Mr. ANDERSON and Miss VANDENHOFF; and, as far as they are concerned, it is successful. I have seldom seen Mr. ANDERSON to more advantage, and Miss VANDENHOFF's acting, though occasionally rather crude, is, on the whole, above mediocre. The scenery is beautiful, and the entire play put on the stage in a manner that reflects great credit on the management. Mlle. VICTORINE LEGRAIN has obtained an extension of her leave of absence, and dances with her usual spirit and vigour in the second act of *Azazel*.

At the PRINCESS'S an adaptation of DUMAS's drama, *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*, has been produced as the work of Mr. SLOUS, already known to the public as the author of *The Templar*. The original appeared twelve years ago at the Theatre Français, and the part of *Gabrielle de Belle-Isle* gave opportunity to one of the many triumphs of Mlle. MARS, to whom, as an acknowledgment of her brilliant genius, the author dedicated the play. Some years ago, an adaptation appeared at Drury Lane, under Mr. HAMMOND's management, in 1840; and, as the same character was sustained by Mrs. STIRLING, Mlle. MARS had no unworthy representative. In its present form it has suffered very little change indeed, and, but for the loss of much of that elegant finesse which characterizes the original dialogue, and some trivial alterations which I shall presently notice, *The Duke's Wager* may be said to be nothing more than an accurate translation of *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*. The plot is very simple in its construction. The father and brothers of the heroine (Mrs. C. KEAN) are in the Bastille, and she has come up to court to solicit their liberation. On her arrival there she attracts the notice of the gay and licentious *Duc de Richelieu* (Mr. A. WIGAN) the Buckingham of Louis the Fifteenth's court. Following the road to court favour most frequented in that time, she addresses herself to *Mme. la Marquise de Prie*, (Mrs. WINSTANLEY) the mistress of the *Duc de Bourbon*, and seeks to ingratiate her in her favour. *Richelieu*, who has been a favoured lover of *La Marquise*, is taunted by two fops into offering a wager that he will obtain an amatory assignation from the first lady who may enter the room, within four-and-twenty hours; that lady proves to be *Mlle. de Belle-Isle*, and the bet is accepted by a young officer who is her declared and affianced suitor. *Mme. de Prie*, partly from pique and partly from a desire to do a good action, resolves to baffle *Richelieu*, and conveys to him a note containing a pretended assignation, at the same time sending *Mlle. de Belle-Isle* to Paris, with an

order for her admission into the Bastille, enjoining upon her, however, a solemn promise of secrecy. *Richelieu* keeps the appointment, is received by the wily Marchioness in the darkened chamber of *Mlle. de Belle-Isle*, and, ignorant of the trick which has been played upon him, appears at the window, as a proof to the lover, who is waiting below, that the wager has been won. The lover, distracted at the seeming infidelity of his betrothed, discards her, and challenges the Duke; but, the duel being prevented by the interposition of the Lieutenant-Marchal, he proposes a game of dice, of which the loser is to slay himself within six hours. The lover loses, but, ere the penalty is paid, the mystery is cleared up perfectly to the satisfaction of all concerned. With a delicacy which appears somewhat in the extreme, and which is certainly gained at the expense of historical truth, the relations of *Mme. de Prie* and the *Duc de Bourbon* are translated into *uncle and niece*. Now, though cousins have long been considered a dangerous sort of relationship, I certainly must protest against the venerable title of *uncle* being diverted from its true meaning for any other purpose than that of indicating him who solaces our temporary difficulties by small pecuniary loans upon chattel security. Nor do I well comprehend why the *Duc de Richelieu's* possession of a pass key into *Mme. de Prie's* private apartments should be accounted for by supposing that he had a commission from the lady to obtain one for her own use, seeing that she would more probably have employed a lacquy to make the purchase. This, however, is a fault on the right side, and I would sooner see our managers run into the folly of putting the legs of their chairs into trousers than commit some of the indecencies common on the French stage. The piece was very well put upon the stage, and both scenery and costumes elegant and scrupulously correct. Altogether it seemed perfectly successful, and Mr. SLOUS and the actors were called before the curtain. I observe that RACHEL is announced to play in the original piece during her present engagement, and shall be curious to see how the queen of French tragedy will render a part which was originally created for Mlle. MARS.

Good Night, Sir—and *Good Night, Signor Pantaloni*, are translations of a French comic opera, entitled *Bonsoir, Monsieur Pantaloni*, which is nothing more or less than a plagiarism on the old farce of *Twice killed*. This has been played as a comic opera at the ADELPHI and HAYMARKET. The music is light and agreeable, and the action of the piece bustling and amusing. Both the versions have been entirely successful.

The Court Beauties, a very pretty show piece, by Mr. PLANCHE has been revived at the LYCEUM. *The Queen of the Frogs* has been discontinued, and *King Charming* restored. Some new blood is required at this theatre in the composition of burlesques; the old stock is getting exhausted. LORNETTE.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—The powerful attractions which are now to be found daily at this scientific establishment are almost able to compete with those of the Crystal Palace itself, as the crowded state of the galleries during the past week testify. In the scientific department perhaps the lectures are most attractive; the Professors discourse on Electricity and Chemistry both morning and evening, and by the simple and popular manner with which they treat the subject, render them highly useful to the various classes who visit the temple of science and art. The illustrations of the rotary movement of the earth on its axis, according to Mons. FOUCAULT's experiment, is in itself, a sight worth travelling to behold, and continues to excite the wonder and admiration both of the learned and unlearned. In addition to this and all the regular sights, Mr. F. CHATTERTON gives a very elegant and amusing lecture on the Harp, with vocal illustrations by Miss BLANCHE YOUNG. The numerous and highly useful apparatus for cooking and other purposes, deposited here by the Gas Fitter's Association, attract considerable attention, more especially foreigners, who appear to be highly gratified by the ingenuity displayed in the various articles exhibited.

ARMS AND ARMOUR OF THE FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES.—A splendid collection of Armour and Arms of the above-named period are now exhibiting in the great rooms of Seville House, Leicester-square. An exhibition of this class is so exceedingly uncommon, that we should imagine that all the sight-seeing world would flock to inspect a museum of so rare a quality; indeed, we believe, excepting the Tower and the collection of MORRISH's, nothing of this magnitude is to be seen. The collection comprises 100 suits of halberdiers or body-guard of the Emperor MAXIMILIAN, 50 suits of officers, splendidly engraved with emblems and trophies, 250 halberds, lances, pikes, and other curious weapons, 150 swords and daggers, many of them of rich designs and gilt. Among the suits of armour is one of much earlier date, perhaps the twelfth and thirteenth

century, which appears to be of Swiss manufacture, and is certainly a most curious specimen of defensive armour. There are three suits of horse-armour, all fine; one of them is richly engraved and gilt, and belonged to the famous, or rather infamous, GALLAEZZO VISCONTI, Duke of Milan. Many of the weapons, such as partisan's swords, shields, and maces, are most curious, and of that class rarely to be met with, and of course highly valuable. The general arrangement reflects great credit for the taste and judgment displayed by the proprietor, Mr. PARKER, and we strongly advise our friends and the public to go and see, as we are quite sure they will be astonished at the quantity of arms and effect produced.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL: THE CRITIC.

SIR,—In the first number of the CRITIC which I received, I notice a statement in the review of *The Scottish Magazine*, which, as it is wholly unfounded, I trust you will fully contradict. The contradiction involves you in no unpleasantness, as it was quite a natural conclusion. You say that the magazine in question "appears to be the Ecclesiastical organ of the Episcopal Church in Scotland." Without any depreciation of that publication, it is very important to state that it has no claim whatever to any such status. It is purely a private speculation, and even patronized only by a small portion of the Scottish Church. If any publication amongst us could lay claim to be our "ecclesiastical organ," it would be *The Scottish Ecclesiastical Journal*, a publication, I think, of far higher literary merit, as well as more generally circulated; but, in fact, neither of them can more properly be called so than *The Protector*, or *The Record*, could be denominated the Ecclesiastical organ of the Church of England. I would not trouble you with this, or urge you to explain the mistake, were it not of more importance to our community than at a distance you would be likely to suppose. I have no connexion or interest in either of those journals.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

June 2, 1851.

A SCOTCH INCUMBENT.

P.S.—I enclose my name and address.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

1. OF BOOKS, &c.

At no time since the Revolution have the Parisian publishers displayed so much enterprising activity as at present. Not only do they bring out week after week a fair collection of works, but they have embarked in publications which will require months or even years to complete, and necessitate the outlay of a considerable capital; such, for example, are reprints of the *Encyclopédie Moderne*, and the *Dictionnaire de la Conversation*, both in fifty volumes; a new *Universal Biographical Dictionary*; in thirty volumes; a *Theological Encyclopedia*, in fifty-two volumes, and so on.—The great increase of German periodicals in the United States, points to a strong development of German element in the New World republic. They amount at present to eighty-nine, of which sixty-five belong to the democratic and seven to the whig party. Four-fifths of that number appear in no-slavery States. The department of science also begins to be cultivated, and since the middle of last year Drs. W. Keller and H. Tiedemann are publishing at Philadelphia a monthly periodical, entitled *North American Report on Natural and Medical Science* (N. A. Monats-Bericht). The oldest German American paper was published in 1729, entitled *The Pennsylvania German Reporter*, (*Berichter*).—Among the choice books included in the series of sales already announced by Messrs Sotheby and Wilkinson, for June and July, are the celebrated works of Professor Agassiz, *Recherches sur les Poissons Fossiles*, containing 4400 coloured plates; *The Marlborough Gems*, with proofs before letters; Rymer's *Fœdera*, a fine copy in 20 vols.; and a large paper copy of Houbraken's *Portraits*. Among the works valuable for their rarity, the lovers of old editions and early typography will find Purchas's *Pilgrims*, in 5 vols.; *The Relacion del Viage a la America, par Juan de Ulloa*; *Cicero on Old Age*, printed by Caxton; several works printed by Pynson, including Dekker's and Greene's, and a collection of very curious old Voyages and Travels.

2. OF LITERARY MEN, &c.

London and Provincial papers (especially the *Daily News* and *Derby Reporter*) speak of great literary festivals to be held at Stratford-upon-Avon, and at Lichfield in honour of Shakespeare, and Dr. Johnson; where there is to be a great gathering of foreign literati, and Dickens and his Devonshire House Company to perform. *The Daily News* says, "the name of Shakespeare is world-famous: such good wine needs no bush. And the great, uncouth, affectionate Johnson has wonderfully been brought forth of late. Macaulay well slaughtered poor old Croker for his blunders in his ponderous edition of *Boswell*, but Carlyle and others have done much for Dr. Johnson in English minds—and especially a new work on his religious life and death

(published by Bentley) has raised him in the esteem of the honestly pious! It is thought, that the Exhibition has served to display the art of the bookseller, but that the author has been kept in the background. These summer trips would, probably, be pleasant to our foreign brethren, who may like to see something of England beyond its metropolis, at the same time that honour is conferred on literature."—When Professor Zahn sojourned in Naples, he took an active part in the excavations of Pompeii—studies which eventually led to the publication of his meritorious work on this subject. At the same time he faithfully reported the progress of these operations to old Goethe. The poet's replies to these communications on the ancient paintings of Pompeii, its theatres, and other buildings, were replete with those sparks of genius he exhibited on every occasion. This rather voluminous correspondence, long laid up at Naples, has been lately recovered, and will be published by Professor Zahn.—The Emperor of Russia has decided that a monument shall be erected at Petropaulovsk, the capital of Kamtskatka, in honour of the celebrated traveller, Behring, who discovered, in 1724, the Straits to which he gave his name. This monument will consist of a pyramid ten metres high, on the top of which will be erected a statue of the intrepid traveller. The Academy of Science of St. Petersburg will furnish the inscription for the monument.

3. OF INSTITUTIONS, SOCIETIES, &c.

The subscriptions for the free public library at Manchester amount to 8875*l*.—*The Herald of Peace* says that a great Peace Congress is to open its sittings in London on Tuesday, the 22nd of July, and continue for several days during that week.—The Treasurer of the Booksellers' Provident Retreat (Mr. Brown), has placed before the booksellers and their friends, a statement of the receipts and expenditure of the amount subscribed for building the houses and laying-out the grounds at Abbot's Langley, Herts; by which it appeared that there is but a very small balance remaining, to meet the annual and incidental expenses, and to keep the buildings in proper and substantial repair. To meet these exigencies the treasurer proposes to raise a permanent fund, and apply the interest to these purposes; and has prepared a trust deed, and opened an account in the Reduced Three per Cent. Annuities at the Bank of England, in the names of four trustees; viz., Mr. Alderman Thomas Kelly, Mr. Edmund Hodgson, Mr. James Mallcott Richardson, and Mr. Richard Marshall, and from the encouragement he has already received, he has been enabled to purchase 750*l*. stock; and expresses a hope that, by the further liberality of the booksellers and their friends, the Retreat will be placed upon such a respectable footing as will render any future appeal unnecessary.—Sir William Hooker's report, recently laid before Parliament, on the state of Kew Gardens states that, in 1848, only 91,708 persons availed themselves of the easy opportunity of seeing these really wonderful gardens. In 1849, when the Gardens were better known, the number swelled to 137,865,—and last year to 179,627.—It is remarkable that the greatest number of visitors in any one month in last year was in August, when 54,177 persons visited the Gardens—at a period when fashionable London is "out of town." On this increase, Sir William observes,—"The mass of this great accession of visitors comes no doubt for pleasure or health and relaxation; but many come for the avowed purpose of horticultural and botanical study, many for drawing botanical subjects, for sketching trees to be introduced into landscapes, and copying novel or striking vegetable productions, others for modelling flowers and making designs for manufactured goods."

MR. THACKERAY'S SECOND LECTURE.

STILL greater numbers of the world of literature and fashion crowded to Mr. Thackeray's second lecture on Thursday week. The subjects chosen were Congreve and Addison. The former was a character almost made for the pencil of the author of *Vanity Fair*. Congreve was a disciple of foppery and fun, dissipation and art, a fine gentleman, with fine parts; and, to crown all, passing worthless. The opening was quite in the old characteristic style. We were reminded how, just before the Reform Bill, the young gentlemen of the "Union," at Cambridge, were of opinion that great noblemen who owned boroughs always had their eye on the club as a place to get politicians from; how Jones, of John's, &c., supported our sacred institutions, or denounced priestcraft, with that idea always present to them. This introduced the mention of the large crop of places given to literary men in Addison and Congreve's time; how a neat copy of Latin verses, or a happy "ode" on a public event, made a young collegian's fortune. Congreve was then formally introduced as an example of extreme literary prosperity: how everything went well with him; how he was beau, wit, and lover—ambrosial, irresistible, magnificent. He was described as a delightful rascal; as a gay disciple of the "eat-and-drink-for-to-morrow-we-die" school. As for his comedy, that Mr. Thackeray characterised as essentially pagan or heathen. He illustrated the effect produced by an examination of it, now-a-days, by a singularly happy metaphor—it was like visiting Pompeii, and seeing Sallust's house, there, in the ruins. The cake and wine in the jars—the jester's laughing skull—the breast of a dancing girl—the charred banquet table. He pointed out with a sad ridicule its immorality—the father treated as a dotard

—the husband as a victim. He exposed in a style at once mournful and quizzical the hollowness of a gaiety that had no love in it, and produced the happiest effect by interspersing earnest reprobation of the system with laughter at what was superficially absurd in it; for instance, when making out our comic writer something very like a scoundrel, he jested at his conceit, and did not even spare his wig. Hence this part of his discourse was like a sermon where you saw the sinner—not only as sinner but as the individual of every-day life. And you were reminded at last that Congreve left his money, not to Mrs. Bracegirdle, who did want it, but to the great lady who did not want it at all. Addison is obviously one of Mr. Thackeray's greatest favourites. He sketched his life throughout, dwelling on its notable incidents with a pleasant commentary, the charm of which consisted in this—that it was always social and familiar, treating Addison as Addison himself treats Sir Roger de Coverley, with a philosophical familiarity. He was noways bigoted in doing this task of biography, for he took to pieces the famous figure of the angel in his *Campaign* and plainly treated the poem as containing a great deal of mere stuff. *Apròpos* of the said angel, he showed that it was the foundation of the writer's fortune, and got him his first great step in the world. "Ah!" exclaimed he playfully at this point, "these sort of angels' visits are few and far between to men of letters. It is not often that angels' wings flutter at second-floor windows." Addison, he said, was undoubtedly one of the greatest geniuses, and this made it natural that he should not have been much given to praising too much. He seldom praised any but the very highest men, but he bowed down with delight to the imperial genius of Milton. However, Mr. Thackeray did not seem to think that he liked to praise young Mr. Pope, the great satirist, very much. He would not have dispraised him, perhaps, but—if Mr. Addison's men had done so, he did not think Mr. Addison would have taken his pipe out of his mouth to tell them to stop. Addison was indubitably a good-hearted, kind man, a benevolent, pure-minded man towards his fellow-creatures; if he had no very startling virtues, he surely had no vices—scarcely a fault, except one which he was known to be rather addicted to—his fondness for wine. Without this he would have been, the lecturer announced (very characteristically), "a more perfect man—and without it we should not have loved him so much." There was, we observed, a sort of particular expectancy, as Mr. Thackeray came to the part where he spoke of Addison's marriage. He narrated agreeably how he wrote to young Lord Warwick, describing the warbling of the nightingales. These nightingales were intended to warble in the ear of Lord Warwick's mamma. He married the countess, and died in Holland House three years after that splendid but uncomfortable union. The lecturer next characterised Addison as a "man's man," and as one of the most determined "club men" of his day. Women he judged of superficially, and knew little of them. One only he knew well, and she he did not think very much of. The concluding part of the lecture dealt more particularly with the great man's literary character. He described him as the gentlest of satirists; one who pointed out to you in a delightful manner the foibles of your neighbour, and, turning his head over his shoulder, whispered to him good. At this point of the disquisition Mr. Thackeray read very effectively some choice specimens of the Addisonian humour, and concluded in a high and serious strain, after reading one of his most famous poems, by a warm description of his susceptibility to religious impressions. Nothing could have been more satisfactory altogether than the reception of the lecture by the crowded audience, and indeed it was, perhaps even more than the last one, a delightful specimen of the author's power.

MASTERS & CO.'S PATENT FREEZING-MACHINES AND AERATING WATER-MACHINES.—Amongst the various inventions exhibited at the Crystal Palace, there are few, in our opinion, more truly wonderful than the production of ice in one minute, without the aid of ice, by Masters & Co.'s Patent Freezing-Machine. This machine is the same her Majesty was most graciously pleased to admire so much on its being exhibited to her by the inventor, Mr. Masters, of 309, Regent-street, on whom the highest encomiums were passed for the perfection to which this apparatus was brought, which forms one of the articles of utility, as well as for exhibition, in the Crystal Palace; for we understand that 100 quarts of desert ice are made by it daily for the visitors. Masters & Co.'s aerating water-machine is, as may be inferred from its title, for the purpose of aerating water, wine, dull ale, &c., and to make it as brisk as champagne by fully charging it with carbonic acid gas; and by using some choice syrups, manufactured by Masters & Co., from English and foreign fruits, the most delicious aerated summer beverage can be made. It is of much value medicinally; for by its aid that now very expensive, though useful preparation, called Fluid Magnesia, may be prepared at the rate of one penny per quart, which is now sold at 3*s*. 6*d*., and also the various saline carbonated waters.—*Mining Jour.*

The Academy of Sciences in Paris has elected two new corresponding members. M. Moquin Tandon, of Toulouse, replaces the late M. Link in the Botanical section; and Mr. Bond, the well-known Professor of Cambridge University in the United States, fills up the vacancy in the Astronomical section occasioned by the death of M. Svanberg.

SCRAPS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

A CALL FOR JOHN MURRAY.—On our return to the White Hart, Salisbury, we prepared for departure, and ordered the bill, which was presented and paid, with many smiles and bows from those concerned. When all was over, the landlady said, "Five shillings for the coachman, if you please." Five shillings! and after all our precautions against surprise of this kind. "But did we not expressly agree upon the cost of the excursion?" "For the carriage, but not for the driver." "Nothing was said about the driver." "But of what use would your carriage have been to us without a driver?" "Oh, it's always customary to pay the driver,—it's an English custom." Whereupon one of the company took the liberty to remark that it was a very dishonest custom,—not much to the landlady's satisfaction. After this demand was paid, a rough-looking fellow came scraping into the room. "Carriage, if you please." "What! more carriage! What now?" "I washed the carriage, if you please." So he was paid for washing the carriage. As we were nearing the front door, an individual in a red jacket presented himself. "Boots, if you please." "But, Boots, we have had nothing to do with you!" But Boots was nevertheless to be paid for doing nothing, and our only resource was to hurry away as fast as possible, lest all our money should be left at the White Hart, Salisbury. It is certainly never worth while to make a fuss to the loss of one's temper about these things, but it seems none the less incumbent on the traveller to protest against them on the spot, since it is only by the force of public opinion that they can ever be rectified. We took pains to explain to the mistress of this hotel, who seemed a decent woman enough, that it was not the amount, but the manner, of her charges, that displeased us; that if she had chosen to make her bill much larger, we should have paid it as a matter of course. What we said was evidently not without its effect, and we may hope to have done something towards a more honourable treatment of future travellers. The best remedy for all these abuses, however, will be a Murray for England, if it ever comes, after many years of promise. A good guide-book in the hand of the traveller, is the very best protection against imposition and ill-usage of every kind at hotels. Travelling on the continent has become delightful, under Murray's auspices; every hotel-keeper knowing that his living depends upon the reputation he may earn with the public. It remains, indeed, to be proved, whether Murray will be as impartial and free-spoken with regard to England as elsewhere. Perhaps an American guide-book for England would be better than any other, and the field is quite open, for Black's is not much better than none at all.

WIT OF THE TOWN.

A woman, charged with being drunk and disorderly, denied the latter offence, saying that "she was too drunk to be disorderly."

EDITORIAL COMPLIMENTS.—The editor of a Galway paper, describing the qualifications of the conductor of a rival publication, sums up in the following off-hand manner:—"But why waste so much space with such a worthless subject, whose conduct is as notorious as he is himself despicable—a poor, worn-out coxcomb, composed of paint and patches—and although his days are dwindled to the shortest span, he can still descend to anything—even to the discharge of the last honours of the 'Drop.' That, to be sure, would come easy to him, for he was characterized for keeping a 'good drop' when he had the 'Shebeenhouse' some years ago in this town." This last admission is made with evident reluctance; but, for fine vigorous expression, the paragraph completely takes the wind out of the sails of our Transatlantic contemporaries.

A LADY'S REASON FOR LIKING THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—"My dear, it so very agreeable. You cannot tell how amusing it is! It is much better far than going a shopping. The whole place is full of some of the prettiest things in the world—laces, silks, brocades—and such lovely jewels—and the beauty is, you may look at them ever so long, without being expected to buy a single thing!"—*Punch*.

AMERICAN CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE GREAR EXHIBITION.—All the American contributions have not yet arrived. This delay accounts for the empty space, which is so painfully noticed, at the end of the Exhibition. The following rare goods, however, are on their way from the United States, and may partially make up for the lamentable American deficiency:—The Leg of a Multiplication Table.

The pair of Ship's Stays found drying on the Equinoctial Line.

The Bonnet generally worn with the Veil of Nature.

The Paletot of the Heavy Swell of the Atlantic.

The Key of Locke's Music.

A Tooth-brush for the Mouth of the Thames.

A Hat-stand made out of the Horns of a Dilemma.

A Tumbler for the Jug of a Nightingale.

A Mattress for the Falls of Niagara.

A Dressing-case for the Mirror of Nature.

The Whip with which America flogs all creation—especially the coloured portion of it. And, lastly,

The tremendous Wooden Style that separates the American from the English Fields of Literature.

—*Punch*.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

Mr. Hind, of the Regent's Park Observatory, has discovered a new planet in the constellation Scorpio. It is of a pale blueish colour, and its light is about equal to that of a star of the ninth magnitude.

At the second *soirée* of Lord Rosse, as President of the Royal Society, it was stated that on no previous occasion of the kind have so many eminent scientific men assembled. The noble President's hospitality has been extended to the *savans* of foreign countries,—and they numbered strongly at this scientific *rèunion*.

The *Lancaster Gazette* describes an invention for lighting up turret-clock faces with gas-light, on a principle which is perfectly self-regulating. The clock lights itself at the proper hour, namely, at sunset each night, and extinguishes itself at sunrise each morning, and follows the setting and rising of the sun from the shortest to the longest day, and again from the longest to the shortest day, with only a half-yearly adjustment.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Rev. J. H. Marsden, B.D., formerly fellow of St. John's College, and Hulsean Lecturer, has been appointed by J. Disney, Esq., to the Professorship of Classical Antiquities, lately founded by him in this university.

Some years ago it was proposed by several physicians of eminence in Paris, to bring out reprints of all the works that have come down to us, accompanied with translations, of Hippocrates, Galen, Oribasius Celsus, and the other Greek and Latin professors of the healing art. The original texts were to be carefully collated, new documents were to be sought for in the different libraries, and the translations were to be executed by first-rate philologists eminent in medical science. It was not easy to find men capable of this great task; and the vast undertaking was enough to terrify the most audacious publisher. But the great scientific importance of the scheme found favour in the eyes of the government of Louis Philippe; and a considerable sum of money was at once granted, and the promise that the collection should be printed in the National Printing Office was made. The Republican government confirmed these pledges; and, accordingly, under the able superintendence of Dr. Daremberg, several learned scientific men set zealously to work. They have made considerable progress in their labours, and some of the volumes have already appeared.

M. Léon Foucault's experiment of the rotary motion of the earth by means of the pendulum is now in course of trial in the Radcliffe Library, under the direction of eminent scientific men.

Mr. Wyld's Great Globe is at length completed. ARCHEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.—The annual meeting of this institute has been fixed to take place at Bristol this year, the period to be embraced extending from July 29th till August 5th inclusive. The Presidents appointed are:—History—Henry Hallam, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A. Antiquities—Lord Talbot de Malahide. Architecture—James Heywood Markland, Esq., D.C.L., &c.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTH.

EASTLAKE.—On the 4th June, at 7, Fitzroy-square, the lady of Sir C. L. Eastlake, of a daughter, still born.

DEATHS.

ALIZARD.—At Marseilles, where he had gone to seek health from the air of the South, Alizard, the finest basso known. The idea of Alizard accorded badly with that of death: he had all the appearance of vigour. He was a kind of diminished Hercules—a Labache abridged; his voice, full, round, sonorous, of a powerful sweetness, seemed to come out from a solid chest, proof against all sickness, and yet, like that of Prince Herz, with a heart encircled with iron, from which speaks the ballad, his heart enlarged in this vast chest, and swelled to suffocation.

CARLSSON.—At Stockholm, aged 94, Dr. André Carlsson, Bishop of Calmar, and author of numerous and important works on philology, theology and jurisprudence. He occupied at one time the chair of Greek Language and Literature at the University of Lund, and was, say the Swedish papers, in his place in the Diet, a champion of religious liberty and parliamentary reform.

MITCHELL.—On the 27th May, at Heeley, near Sheffield, aged 24, Elizabeth, the beloved wife of Mr. Young Mitchell, Head Master of the Sheffield School of Design.

NORTHMORE.—On the 29th May, at Axminster, in his 85th year, Thomas Northmore, Esq., of Cleve, in the county of Devon. This descendant of one of the oldest English families was well known as a patriot and philanthropist, and as the learned author of the "Tryphiodonia," and other works. He survived his beloved wife only ten months, and departed this life in the joyful hope of a blessed resurrection.

ROGERSON.—On the 11th May, aged 66, at Elm-bank House, Barnes, Surrey, Joseph Rogerson, Esq., of Norfolk-street, Strand.

SHEIL.—Recently, at Florence, Mr. Richard Lalor Sheil. His "Evadne" was one of the glories of Miss O'Neil's reign. We believe too, that, among other anonymous writings of his, the collection of sketches of Irish jurisprudence which excited so much interest when published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, under Mr. Campbell's editorship, may be ascribed to the fervid Irish orator.

TIECK.—Recently, at Berlin, aged 74, Christian Frederick Tieck, the celebrated sculptor, member of the Royal Academy of the Fine Arts, and Professor of the Royal School of Arts and Design in that city. He was a pupil of David, and in 1800 had awarded to him the second grand prize in sculpture. In 1801, he left Paris and went to Italy, where he resided for twelve years, and since his return to Germany, he has executed a series of works which has placed him in the rank of the first sculptors of that country. He was brother to the celebrated poet, Ludwig Tieck.

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

BOOKS, &c., TO CANADA AND THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

GENERAL POST-OFFICE, June, 1851.—The Lords of Her Majesty's Treasury having authorized, by warrant, the extension to Canada and the Ionian Islands, of the reduced rates of postage and the regulations recently established for books transmitted by the Post to the British colonies in the West Indies, &c. in future all printed books, magazines, reviews, and pamphlets (whether British, colonial, or foreign), may be sent by Post between the United Kingdom and Canada or the Ionian Islands, at the following reduced rates of postage, viz. :—

For each packet not exceeding 1lb. in weight . . . 0s. 6d.
Ditto exceeding 1lb. and not exceeding 1lb. 1 0
Ditto exceeding 1lb. and not exceeding 2lb. 2 0
Ditto exceeding 2lb. and not exceeding 3lb. 3 0

And so on, increasing 1s. for every additional pound or fraction of a pound.

Provided, however, that the following conditions be carefully observed:—

1. Every such packet must be sent without a cover, or in a cover open at the ends or sides.
2. It must contain a single volume only (whether printed book, magazine, review, or pamphlet), the several sheets or parts thereof, where there are more than one, being sewed or bound together.
3. It must not exceed two feet in length, breadth, width, or depth.
4. It must have no writing or marks upon the cover or its contents, except the name and address of the person to whom it may be sent.
5. The postage must be prepaid in full by affixing outside the packet or its cover the proper number of stamps.

If any of the above conditions be violated the packet must be charged as a letter, and treated as such in all respects.

To prevent any obstacles to the regular transmission of letters, any officer of the Post-office may delay the transmission of any such packet for a time not exceeding twenty-four hours from the time at which the same would otherwise have been forwarded by him.

As no book may be sent by any route which would entail an expense of transit postage on the department, these regulations apply, in respect to Canada, only to books, &c., sent by the British contract packets *via* Halifax, and in respect to the Ionian Islands, only to books, &c., sent *via* Southampton.

The above instructions are not to extend to or interfere with the transmission of printed votes and proceedings of Parliament, or of printed papers allowed to pass by the post under the newspaper privilege, all of which will continue to be subject to the existing regulations.

BIBLES.—According to a return recently issued the number of Bibles printed by the Queen's printer from January 1, 1848, to December 31, 1850, was 1,157,000; and the number of Testaments, 752,000. The drawback of paper-duty on these amounted to 7,723l. 8s. 10½d. At the Oxford University press there were printed in 1848, 261,500 Bibles, and 262,000 Testaments; in 1849, 308,500 Bibles and 253,500 Testaments; and in 1850, 305,750 Bibles and 235,000 Testaments. The drawback of paper-duty on these amounted for each of the above years respectively to 2,292l. 14s. 11½d., 2,596l. 5s. 6d., and 2,745l. 18s. 2d. At the Cambridge University press the number of Bibles printed during the same years was 76,500 for the first, and 31,000 for the two last; and of Testaments, 94,000, 75,000, and 35,000 respectively.

List of New Books,

MUSIC, ENGRAVINGS, AND WORKS OF ART,
Published between May 14, and June 14, 1851.

[N.B.—The following list is obtained from the returns of the Publishers themselves, and its accuracy may, therefore, be relied on.]

AGRICULTURE.

The Theorists Confuted; a Reply to Mr. Mechi. 8vo., 8s. 6d. Baxter's Library of Practical Agriculture. 4th Edition, enlarged. 2 vols., super royal 8vo., cloth, 3l.

ART.

Roger and Jenny. Painted by G. W. Allen, R.A. Engraved by Robert Bell.

CLASSICS.

Ovid's Fasti, Tristia, Epistles, &c. Literally Translated. Post 8vo., cloth, 5s.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Soyer's (A.) The Modern Housewife, or Ménagère. New Edition. Royal 12mo., cloth, 7s. 6d.

DRAMA.

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THE First Annual General Meeting of this Society, established for the purpose of facilitating the settlement, sale, mortgage, and redemption of property, and the security of families by the application of the principle of assurance to property as well as to life, was held at the offices, 30, Essex-street, on Friday last. There was a numerous attendance of shareholders.

E. W. COX, Esq., the chairman of the Society, occupied the chair. The following report was read:—

REPORT.

"At this, the first Annual General Meeting of the LAW PROPERTY ASSURANCE AND TRUST SOCIETY, the Directors have great pleasure in submitting to the Shareholders their Report of the Proceedings of the past Year.

"The advantages of the novel application of the principles of Assurance to LEASEHOLDS, COPYHOLDS, and LIFEHOLDS, as well as the REDEMPTION OF MORTGAGES and of LOANS, and the SECURITY OF BUILDING SOCIETIES, in addition to the contingencies of LIFE, have been more extensively appreciated than was expected, and your Directors refer with much gratification to the transactions of this Society during the first year of its existence. 313 Proposals have been received, of which 192 have been completed, and are now in force, yielding an Annual Income of 2,234l. 16s. 3d. In addition to these, 27 more have been accepted, and are in process of completion.

"Your Directors congratulate the Shareholders that not a single Life Policy has become a Claim.

"The Confidence with which the Plans of this Society are viewed by the Public is evidenced by the fact that all the Shares in the Capital Stock of the Society are Subscribed. And your Directors, continuing to receive Applications for further Allotments, have found it expedient to declare forfeited such Shares as had not been taken up, and in order to extend as widely as possible the Interests of the Society, they have resolved to issue the few remaining Forfeited Shares only in small Lots.

"The management of the Office has been carried on with the utmost caution and prudence, regard being had rather to economy than display. The entire fixed Annual Charge upon the Society's funds, including the Salaries of Secretary, Medical Officer, Clerks, and Porter, with Rent and Taxes, does not exceed 800l. per annum. Thus already the Annual Income is much more than double the fixed Expenditure. The Society therefore offers the almost unprecedented instance of having become Self-supporting at the end of only one year.

"On reference to the List of Agents of this Society, it will be seen that the services of a highly respectable and influential body of gentlemen of the Legal Profession have been secured, and the assistance of the Shareholders is particularly requested in increasing their number in localities not yet represented.

"Your Directors invite special attention to the peculiar and great advantages offered by this Society to those effecting LIFE ASSURANCES on the Participating Scale, inasmuch as they receive EIGHTY PER CENT. of all the Profits arising from every branch of the Society's business on the Participating Scale.

"The ASSURANCE OF TITLES is now beginning to be understood and appreciated. Many Proposals have come before the Board, some of which have been accepted, and your Directors anticipate a very extensive and advantageous business from the plan they have adopted, in cases where large estates are sold in small lots, for assuring the title to each of the purchasers, and thereby saving the expense of a separate investigation of the whole title, and of an attested copy of the title-deeds.

"In conclusion, your Directors offer their congratulations to the Shareholders on the entire success which has attended the Society. Feeling assured that the advantages offered by it are so manifest as to require only to be well understood to be universally adopted, they beg to impress upon the Shareholders the necessity for active co-operation in making known its plans to their friends and the public, and thus to assist in placing the LAW PROPERTY ASSURANCE AND TRUST SOCIETY in that position, which the experience of the past year assures your Directors it may shortly occupy, namely, in the foremost rank of Assurance Societies in the United Kingdom."

The CHAIRMAN, in moving the adoption of the Report, said that he had a very agreeable duty to perform, for it was wholly of congratulation. The Society was flourishing beyond expectation, and in every particular, whether of business done or of future prospects, the assured and the shareholders have cause for satisfaction. The first feature that must have struck them was the almost unprecedented one in an assurance society, that at the end of the first year this was self-supporting; that its income very considerably exceeded its expenditure, and that it had actually invested, so as to yield five per cent. interest, the entire amount of premiums received. (Hear, hear.) In the formation and conduct of the Society, advantage had been taken

of experience, and therefore it had been done in the most economical manner; nothing had been spent in buying experience, as was too often the case with young societies. This one had been fortunate in every respect. Its preliminary expenses—that is to say, the entire cost of forming and establishing it, up to the date of complete registration, including all the expenses of registration, the legal expenses of the deed of settlement, services, advertising, and every other cost incidental to the formation of a company did not in this Society exceed 1,200l. a sum less than that which a tradesman will often expend in fitting up his shop, and at which outlay they had formed a Society whose income was already more than 2,200l. a year, and with a little exertion on their parts might be multiplied tenfold in five years. Then they had been fortunate in furnishing. They had succeeded in buying off the entire furniture of an extinct company, which had cost 800l. for 200l. and they saw how very handsomely and conveniently their offices were furnished. All this had cost but 200l. Then they were working it very cheaply. The entire of the house in which they were assembled, comfortable and convenient as it was, was obtained at a rent of 75l. a-year, and with the rates and taxes, did not cost them 100l. a-year. (Hear, hear.) They had a Secretary of great experience and ability, the brother of their Consulting Actuary, whose name was known through Europe, and their arrangements with their officers made a present charge of only 700l. a-year, it being agreed with their Secretary that he should share their fortunes, and that his remuneration should be regulated by the future success of the Society. As to the business done during the year, it must be a source of great satisfaction to all of them. The application of Assurance to Property as well as to Life was a novelty, and it is only by slow degrees that the most useful plans, if new, receive confidence and support. Yet so obvious have been the advantages of the assurance of leaseholds, copyholds, and titles, and the redemption of mortgages and loans, that the Board had already issued a great number of policies of that class; and as these were not speculative, but yielded certain calculable profits, they were highly beneficial to the Society. Indeed, the advantages of assuring leaseholds, so that at the expiration of the lease the purchaser may receive back his purchase money, were so obvious, that the business of this class has been considerable; it has been found to afford extraordinary facilities for the sale and mortgage of property otherwise difficult to be dealt with. In fact, for all practical purposes, it converted a leasehold into a freehold. So it is with the Redemption of Mortgages and Loans. It is very desirable that, when a man contracts a loan, he should make an arrangement for its gradual liquidation; formerly this was difficult, because the lender would not take it in parts, and the borrower could not well turn his annual saving to profitable account, besides the temptation there is to spend instead of to save it. But now, by means of a redemption policy with this Society, the borrower has but to pay an annual premium to such an extent as he can conveniently lay by, and his debt will be redeemed by the Society at the time agreed, or earlier if he should die, so that his family may receive his property unincumbered. This branch also had been favourably received by the public. The Assurance of Titles has brought a great number of proposals; but only a few had proceeded to a conclusion, because the object was misunderstood. The Society did not undertake to assure a title positively bad, but only such as, being good holding titles, were yet unmarketable or unmortgageable by reason of some defects in proof, &c. It was a condition that the title should be good to hold, so that they were proceeding on safe grounds to themselves, while conferring a great boon upon the public by releasing a large amount of property now locked up. (Hear, hear.) There was, however, another application of this form of assurance from which they might contemplate an extensive business; that was, in cases where large estates are sold in small lots, and in which the Society, being satisfied of the title to the whole, will grant policies of assurance for the title of each lot, so as to save the cost of attested copies, and of investigating the whole title by each purchaser. Proposals of this kind are now under the consideration of the Board, and will probably be completed. They were also making progress with the GUARANTEE OF FIDELITY, having issued several policies of this class. Their Life Assurance, too, was extremely flourishing and daily increasing, and if the shareholders would but explain to their clients and friends the peculiar advantages of assuring in this office, that branch of business might be immensely increased. The peculiar advantage is this, that those who assure their lives on the participating scale receive eighty per cent. of the profits, not of the life assurance only, but also of all the other business of the office transacted upon the participating scale. (Hear, hear.) Thus it will be seen that, in respect of amount and nature of business done, the progress of the Society has been very satisfactory; and although under

the disadvantage both of youth and novelty, it had already attained the position of an established, flourishing, and self-supporting institution. (Hear, hear.) The public are naturally and properly cautious, and will want to see how a society to whom they are going to trust their property proceeds; and when it is known what this Society has done and is doing, and how it is managed, and what are its expenses, public confidence will be given to it; and if so much has been sent to it already, how much more may not be anticipated from the future? It was another pleasing circumstance that all their shares are subscribed; that only some of the forfeited shares remained—not exceeding 350—and that for these there were applications, only that the Board had resolved to issue them in small lots, so as to extend the connections of the Society. The deed empowered the Society to issue more shares, but the Board deemed it unadvisable to do so, inasmuch as a large amount of paid-up capital was found in practice to be a serious impediment to the prosperity of an Assurance Society, by imposing upon the profits the burden of a large amount of interest, and consequently the diminution of the fund from which the assured derived their bounties. Never was a Society more fairly and firmly based than this. We court publicity; we invite inquiry; every sixpence we have spent, every resolution we have passed, every plan we have put forth, our condition and prospects, our books and papers, are welcome to be inspected by any person—shareholder, assured, or stranger,—who desires to know how we are going on. There is no doubt, and they who are most familiar with the subject admit, that this Society has in itself the elements of unlimited expansion, and that it needs but the active co-operation of all who are connected with it, whether as shareholders, as agents, or as assured—for all are equally interested in its success—to become the most flourishing Assurance Society—not in England only, but in Europe.

J. G. SHEPHERD, Esq., said that, in moving the election of the two country Directors, and the re-election of the two retiring Directors, he could confirm from his experience all that the Chairman had said with respect to the advantage which the Society derived from their presence at the board. Living in the country, he was aware how much the inhabitants liked to see names they knew, and gentlemen of such great respectability and influence in their neighbourhood as the country Directors of this Society, could not fail to produce the advantages that had been anticipated, and which, as he understood, had been already realized.

The motion was carried unanimously.

N. McCANN, Esq., proposed a vote of thanks to the Directors for their services. As their Medical Officer he had observed the diligence and industry with which they discharged their duties, and the great prudence and caution they exhibited in the acceptance of lives. He had, indeed, given the best proof of his own confidence in the manner in which the business was conducted and the prospects of the Society, by not only taking shares for himself but doing so for all his children, and recommending it to all his friends. (Hear, hear.)

JAMES HUTTON, Esq., seconded the motion. As Auditor, he was enabled to bear his testimony to the excellent management of the Society. It was in all respects a sound and substantial institution.

The resolution was put and carried unanimously.

F. G. P. NEISON, Esq., proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman. The society was fortunate in having at the head of it a gentleman of so much experience in business, and who had made a study of the principles of assurance. For some years he had been in frequent communication with Mr. Cox, and he could state that his views were sound, and it rarely happened that he (Mr. Neison) had occasion to differ from him in opinion. His other qualities for the office were as well known to them as to him, but of this one he was perhaps a better judge than they, and therefore he was desirous of stating it to them. While on his legs, he would take this opportunity of expressing his approval of Mr. Shepherd's suggestion for more extensive advertising. Experience had satisfied him that it was the most profitable course, ultimately, if not immediately, that a society can pursue, and that every 100l. thus expended would produce a thousand. There was a very mistaken notion abroad, that the older and richer offices were better to assure with than the younger offices. It is not so. On the contrary, all experience has proved that, after a certain period, the bonuses in an office decline until they come back to nothing—the reason being, that when the capital becomes very great it cannot be profitably invested; therefore much more is to be gained by assuring in a flourishing young office than in an old one. This society was established on a sound basis, and was well conducted, with prudence and economy, combined with a knowledge of the business of assurance, to which its early success is due, and which he had no doubt would make it in no long time one of the most extensive and influential assurance offices in Europe.

H. PAUL, Esq., seconded the motion.

E. W. COX, Esq., returned thanks. The meeting then separated.

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